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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

December 30, 1930 Vol. 37, No. 860

10¢

Evelyn Brent

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Full Page Photo of Buddy Rogers for Framing— This Issue

Feature Stories

The Dancers
The Third Alarm
Under Montana Skies

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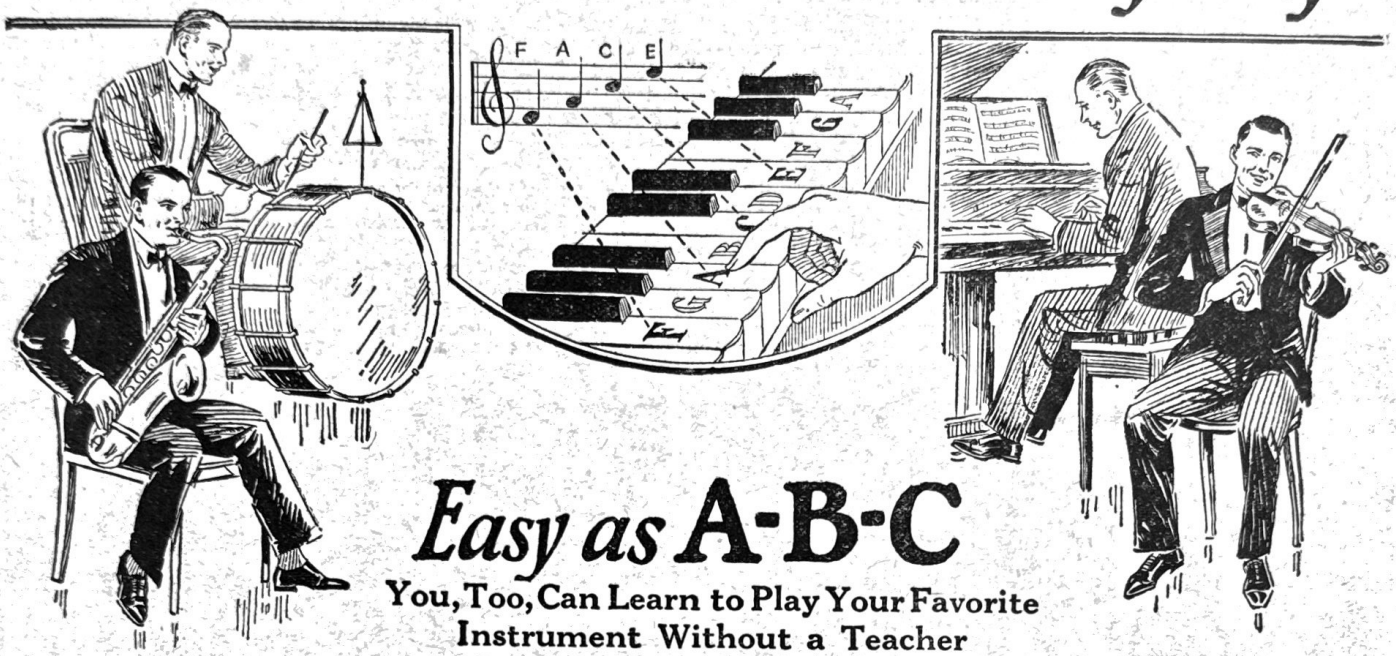

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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The Dancers

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"I'm cabling Diana but I don't know what to say to her."
"Oh, I think I'd just say, 'I love you.' That's what she wants to know, isn't it?"

MAXINE had tried so hard to arouse the interest of Tony Trevelyn, the young Englishman from the Canadian lumber camp near the cafe in which she sang and danced, but, though he was always pleasant and seemed genuinely glad to see her the infrequent times they met, she fully realized how impersonal his attitude was. Then one night she found out the reason. She had persuaded Archibald to ride out to camp, pretend that he came from Tony's home town in England and urge him to spend the

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"How about marrying me?"
"Why should I?"

evening at the dance hall that they might talk over mutual acquaintances. Archie had come to Canada for a short visit but had lingered in the hope of getting Maxine to return to England with him, if not as his wife, then as an applicant for music hall honors. As Maxine had thought, Tony was delighted to see some one from home and promised to be at the hall that night. His arrival was the signal for the boys from the other camps to gather around him, for the handsome young Englishman was a great favorite with everyone. But finally Maxine managed to get him to dance with her, then led him out on the little balcony where they could be entirely alone.

"I just made up my mind that you were going to dance with me tonight," she told him. "It wasn't so terrible, was it?"

"Why, no, I liked it," the boy replied.

"Then why haven't you done it before?" she demanded.

"I'll tell you why," he returned, smiling down at her. "You're very charming and very sweet—and very dangerous."

"That's great," she laughed. "I'm very sweet and I think you're just grand." She moved over closer to him and gazed at him invitingly. "And what are you supposed to do now?" Tony bent down closer to the luring lips, then drew back suddenly.

"I'm supposed to remember that I'm engaged to a girl in England," he told her.

A shadow of pain darkened the girl's eyes, but she smiled bravely as she pointed to the valley beneath them.

"Oh, can you see me down there?" She attempted to be gay but there was a catch in her voice. "I feel awfully small, the way I've been pursuing you. Well, anyway, you can't blame a girl for trying. What's her name?"

"Diana—Diana Snowden," he told her, lingering dreamingly over each syllable.

"I'll bet she's nice," Maxine said wistfully.

"She's more than nice," the boy told her.

"Pretty?"

"Yes. She's too good for me, really too good for any man." From his pocket he drew out a picture.

The girl gazed at the beautiful face that smiled up at her.

"She's lovely," she breathed.

"I snapped that three years ago," Tony told her proudly.

Maxine turned the photograph over and slowly read the inscription on the other side.

"What does this mean," she asked, " 'Loved I not honor more'?"

"I don't think I'll tell you that," Tony said shyly, "You'll laugh."

"No, I won't," she promised.

"Well, it's just an understanding between us," he told her. "We were a couple of romantic kids. The day I took that photograph we'd been reading a novel of the Middle Ages when knights and ladies were supposed to ——"

"Keep away from girls who entertained in dance halls," she interrupted.

"Oh, not exactly," he returned. "But, at least, they were supposed not to get themselves involved. So Diana and I entered into a compact that she'd be the first woman in my life and I'd be the first man in hers. Well, why don't you laugh?"

"I guess because I don't think it's funny," she told him gravely.

"Of course, it has nothing to do with morals," he hastened to explain. "We made it a matter of honor. That's what the inscription means. It's a line from an old poem, 'I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more.' "

"Am I supposed to laugh now?" she asked.

Before he could answer, a voice from the dance hall called:

"Hey, Tony, is your last name Trevelyn?"

"Why, yes," Tony answered.

"Here is a message for you. They just sent it out from camp."

He returned to the dance hall and the boys crowded around him as he opened the cablegram.

"No bad news, I hope," Archie said.

"Yes, rather," the other returned. "My uncle and his son have just been killed in an automobile accident. As a matter of fact, he wasn't really my uncle, I just called him that. In reality, he was about a fourth cousin."

"Hey, you ain't become a king on us or something, have you, Tony?" inquired Keating who had delivered the cable.

"Not quite," Tony smiled. "It's Lord Rothwood, you know."

A few minutes later Maxine found Tony sitting at the writing desk.

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the play by Sir Gerald du Maurier and Viola Tree. Edwin Burke wrote the scenario and Chandler Sprague directed, with Lois Moran appearing as Diana, Phillips Holmes as Tony, Mae Clarke as Maxine, Walter Byron as Berwin and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Aunt Emily.

"Going home?" she inquired, fearing his answer.

"Yes. I'm just cabling Diana, but I don't know what to say to her."

"Oh, I think I'd just say, 'I love you.' That's what she wants to know, isn't it?"

"How is this?" Tony asked, starting to write. "'Coming home immediately. Will you marry me? I love you. Tony'."

THAT same night, in London, Diana Snowden was the center of a gay party, in fact, whenever there was a gay party, Diana was always the center of it. She had changed greatly in the three years since Tony had crossed the ocean to make his way in America. She seemed to live on excitement. She spent her nights going from one club to another, returning home in the wee small hours of the morning, much to the worry of Aunt Emily with whom she made her home. She called herself a minute woman because, she said, she lived a lifetime in sixty seconds.

The host of this particular party was young Berwin, a wealthy playboy who made women and parties his reason for existence. In the circle in which they moved, he was known as Diana's most ardent and persistent admirer. Tonight he was constantly hovering by her side and at last succeeded in getting her to himself out on the balcony. As they stood looking up at the twinkling stars, he put his hand on her bare shoulder.

"Must you?" she inquired saucily.

"Why not?" he returned. "Certain chemical forces in you react to certain chemical forces in me. It's purely biological."

"I suppose you ordered these stars," she said in an attempt to change the subject.

"Especially for you, dear," he told her. "But why bother about the stars? They're too far away. What you need is close contacts." He handed her a glass of champagne. "Here you are, good for soul—and body."

"We'll ignore the body," she told him quietly.

"As though we could," he mocked. "You're very restless tonight, dear."

"Tonight?" she repeated. "Shall we go back?"

"Afraid?" he asked.

"Of what?" she countered.

"Fire."

"I'm very proficient at playing with fire."

"You've had plenty of experience of late," he told her.

"Which teaches me not to ignore sparks." She drew further away from him. "You're very dangerous to me."

"Oh, you admit it?" he laughed.

"I'm no idiot. I studied chemistry, too, you see. Oh, it's starting to rain. Come along." She pulled him in the direction of the ballroom.

"Oh, no. Come in here." He grasped her arm and led her toward an enclosed alcove.

"I'd rather not," she protested.

"I thought you said you weren't afraid," he dared her. She threw back her head with a defiant little toss and followed him.

"I say, this is a bit of luck," he exclaimed as the rain came down in torrents.

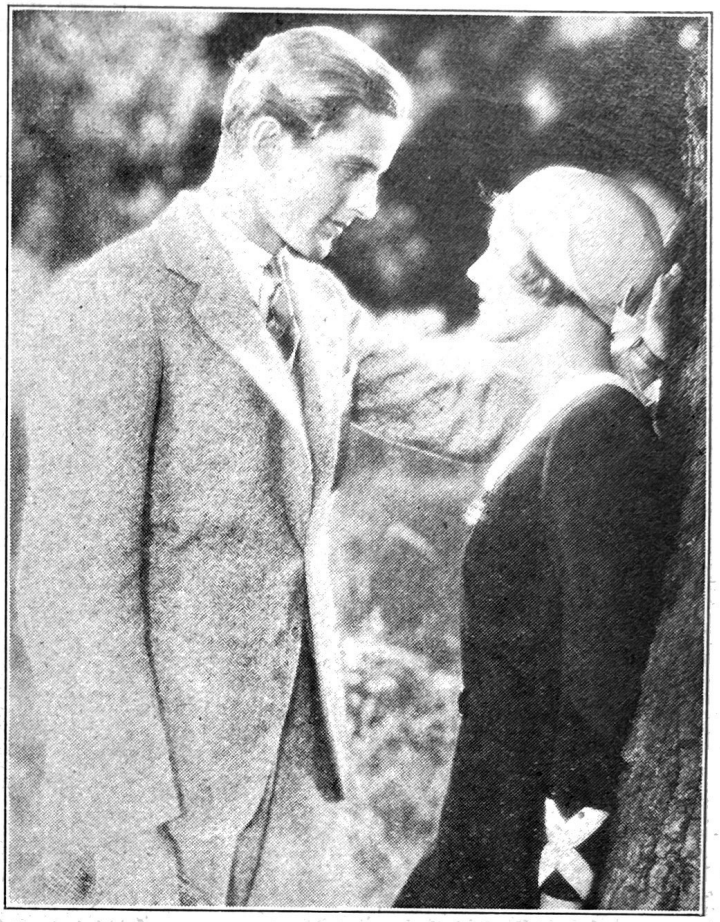
"Luck?" she repeated. "It may keep up for hours."

"Let's hope so," he laughed.

"You might go around and get me a coat," she suggested.

"Do you think you'll need it?" he asked insinuatingly.

"Well, I hope I won't need a fire extinguisher," she replied.



"Is there another man?"
"Yes. But, Tony, you didn't expect anything else, did you?"

His eyes burned into hers, and she looked away.

"You know the way you affect me and yet you——"

"I——I what?" she asked nervously.

For answer he drew her to him in a passionate embrace and pressed his lips to hers.

AT three o'clock the next afternoon, Aunt Emily entered her niece's rom and started to open the blinds.

"What time did you get home?" she asked.

"About six o'clock," Diana replied, sleepily.

"Well, of all the disgrace——"

"Please, Aunt Em, let's omit the usual morning lecture," the girl interrupted. But the older woman went on:

"Do you know that you haven't been home at a respectable hour for the last month?"

"It really shouldn't concern you, darling," her niece told her.

"But, surely, I may be permitted a natural interest in your health."

"It's about all that's left for you to be interested in," Diana replied with an underlying tone of bitterness.

"You're thinking of Tony Trevelyn," her aunt accused. "How could I let a girl like you marry a penniless man? I sent him away for your own good."

"I hope you're satisfied with the results. But let's not quarrel about it. I'm not blaming you, dear. It was my own fault for not having courage enough to prevent it."

"Do you still love him?" Aunt Emily asked, puzzled.

Before Diana could answer, the maid knocked on the door with a cablegram for her. At her request, the older woman opened it.

(Continued on page 22)

Under Montana Skies

By JEAN PENNINGTON

"You're pretty when you laugh and I would like to keep you laughing all the time."

IT had been a bad season for "The Merry Maids" troupe. All along the road theatres were closing and, when they were open, people seemed to have neither the heart nor the money to indulge in pleasure. And now the worst had come. In Rawden, Montana, the manager had taken the midnight train for New York and left the little company stranded. A board bill was due and Abner Jenkins who owned the hotel, indeed, who seemed to own most of the town, would show the players no mercy. It was a case of pay up or go to jail—and there was no alternative for the penniless little troupe. Most of the players, accustomed by this time to the hard knocks of the road, took the matter as a joke, but Mary Shaw, the dark-eyed little leading lady, was about at the end of her endurance. Naturally frail, the succession of one-night stands, of cold hotels and colder dressing-rooms, was telling on her health. And then back East was the delicate little mother, struggling to keep the home together for Mary and the invalid sister. There were doctors' bills to be met, the weekly treatments—and Mary's pay check was small at best. Now, as she sat in jail, listening to the merry laughter and gay songs of the rest of the troupe, her mind was back home with her loved ones. If only she could bring them out to Montana to the great rambling hills, the wonderful fresh air, perhaps she could coax the color back to the cheeks of the little mother, the crippled baby sister. But her courage was failing. How were they to get out of Rawden, and, if they did, how could she keep on for the rest of the season? And yet she must!

She looked up into the frank blue eyes of a tall young ranchman who was standing on the other side of the bars, smiling down at her with unconcealed admiration.

"I sure would like to help you get out of here, Miss ——" he said in a slow, friendly voice.

"Mary," she answered, "Mary Shaw. And thank you very much."

"Aw, come on, cheer up and give us a little smile," he encouraged. "You're pretty when you laugh and I would like to keep you laughing all the time." Then he turned to Pinky who had charge of the jail. "How much do they owe?" he asked

"Eighty-two dollars and forty-six cents," Pinky answered promptly.

"Phew, that's a fortune!" the young rancher commented in dismay as he emptied out the contents of his pocket. "Hey, Sunshine, how much dough you got with you?" he called to his buddy who had just entered the jail.

But this was not Sunshine's philanthropic day.

"Come on, let's go home," he urged. "I know there's gonna be trouble."

This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by James K. Aubrey. Bennett Cohen wrote the scenario and Richard Thorpe directed, with Kenneth Harlan appearing as Clay Conning, Dorothy Gulliver as Mary, Slim Summerville as Sunshine, Nita Martan as Blondie, Harry Todd as Abner Jenkins, Ethel Wales as Mrs. Jenkins, Lafe McKee as Pinky and Christian J. Frank as Blake.

"Home—nothing!" Clay returned. "Shell out! Shell out!" Obediently but reluctantly, the other placed his fortune in Clay's outstretched hands. "We're lacking sixty-one dollars and seventeen cents," the rancher commented ruefully, "and I know the rest of the boys haven't any more than their grub money." Then a bright idea dawned on the young man. "I tell you what, Pinky," he whispered to the jailer, "if you'll let me take that blonde girl out for a few minutes, I think I can fix things up."

Pinky looked doubtful, but at heart he was a kindly soul as Clay well knew.

"Well, I'm responsible for this jail," he said slowly, "and it may mean my job, but I'd like to help this troupe. They're a game lot of kids." Without further consideration he turned the key in the lock to release the girl Clay had indicated, a snappy blonde who had never stopped singing and joking during those long hours behind the bars. The other girls crowded forward, but Pinky shoved them back with assumed sternness. "Only one of you!" he ordered. "And I'll be darned if even one may not mean my job!"

Clay smiled his thanks as he drew Blondie aside and whispered his plan.

"Surest think you know!" the girl laughed. "And I'll say you're some guy, Big Boy!"

Down the street he hurried her until they reached the office of Abner Jenkins, then, motioning her to wait outside, he entered briskly. The sheriff looked up with a scowl of annoyance which increased when Clay made known his errand.

"No, sir!" he growled. "Them show folks'll stay in jail until I get my board bill."

Then Clay began to argue with him. If they got out, they could put on a show and make the money to settle up. But Abner did not trust women who put paint and powder on their faces and kicked up their heels. That was no way to make a living. They were much safer behind bars.

"Okay," Clay bowed to his decision, then opened the door and motioned to Blondie. "Go ahead, kid, do your stuff," he directed, and, without any questioning, the pert little show girl began to unhook her dress.

"What the ——" Abner began.

"You have your choice," Clay told him. "If you don't sign this release and let those girls out of jail at once, Blondie is going to start to scream. And what'll the neighbors say when they come running in and find you alone with a lady without some of her——"

But Abner was not thinking of the neighbors. Instead, the vision of a tall, lanky, sharp-eyed woman upon whom he had on an ill-fated day bestowed his name filled his mind's eye. He had felt the strength of her wrath many times before. Quickly he put his signature to the release Clay had placed before him on the desk.

"And now, when you get 'em out, what're you goin' to do with 'em?" he asked.

"Why, they'll put on the show tonight at the Opera House," Clay told him confidently.

"No, siree!" Abner Jenkins rejoined. "They'll not set a foot in my Opry House until they've paid me one hundred and fifty dollars."

But even this did not fease the young ranchman. Directing Blondie to keep Abner in range of her watchful eye and to yell if she deemed it necessary, he hurried back to the jail, presented the release to Pinky and a few minutes later had the girls on the steps of the Opera House, strutting their stuff for the curious men who quickly grouped about them.

"We've got to have money to put on this show tonight," he shouted. "Subscribe now and I'll give you my personal guarantee that the money will be paid back to you as soon as the tickets are sold. Come on now, who'll be the first?"

"If you don't sign this release and let those girls out of jail at once, Blondie is going to start to scream. And what'll the neighbors say when they come running in and find you with a lady without some of her—"

A pretty red-headed chorister smiled at Hi Tomkins who had ridden in from the plains that morning to make a deposit in the bank and Hi immediately came forward with twenty-five dollars. Encouraged, others followed suit and, when business lagged, Clay promised a kiss from one of the girls with each subscription. The hundred and fifty was quickly raised and the young self-appointed manager hurried back to the sheriff's office to pay the rent on the house for the evening's performance. He found Abner Jenkins, very much under the influence of the hard cider he had consumed, cavorting about the floor in the arms of Blondie who was attempting to teach him the latest dance steps from Broadway. But Abner was sober enough to pocket the bills Clay thrust into his hands —and Blondie was still enough on the job to extract them from his coat pocket. Then, her duty done, she ran back to the Opera House and joined the troupe.

A few minutes later, Clay walked rapidly down the street, his eyes searching the group of girls for the dark-haired little Mary who had so quickly won his heart. She saw him approaching and smiled encouragingly. He suggested a ride out into the hills and Mary happily consented. As she mounted the horse which Clay procured for her, he wondered at her skill.

"Let's have a race," he suggested and with a gay laugh they galloped down the road. They came to a halt under a friendly tree on the outskirts of the town.

"You let me win!" Mary accused.

"What? You don't mean you think I threw the race?"

"No?" Mary teased

"You know," the young ranchman said, looking down into the happy, flushed face, "you're the first Eastern girl I've ever cottoned to."

"Eastern girl?" she laughed. "Why, I was born right here in Montana."

"Montana welcomes you home," he told her.

"Montana?" she repeated.

"Well, me speaking for Montana," he smiled.

Then Mary told him of the little family she had left back in the East and, as the boy listened to her loving anxiety for their safety, he knew why he had been attracted to her at the first glance. Then they raced back to town, for Mary was worried lest the reckless girls get into some new trouble in her absence.

MEANTIME, Mrs. Martha Jenkins, President of the Purity League, had hurried down to the Opera House upon word from one of her neighbors that there were shameful goings-on there, girls kicking up their legs and flirting with all the men of the town. The good lady's eyes opened wide with horror when she saw the gaily colored poster of one of the "Merry Maids" that decorated the front of the building, the paste still wet from the brush of Si Brown who stood looking at his handiwork with the light of pride—and anticipation—in his small blue eyes. Mrs. Jenkins ordered the disgraceful picture removed at once. Furthermore, those brazen hussies would give no show in the Opera House which she owned. She would not be true to the Purity League if she permitted this thing to go on.

By this time the other half of the Jenkins family had discovered the loss of his money and hurried down to the Opera House after Blondie. But that young lady denied all acquaintance with him. However, she knew that this was no safe place for an innocent chorus girl and, gathering her fellow choristers about her, she told them of the fortune that now reposed in her stocking, a fortune that was going to be used to get them to the next town—at once.

THE news that the Purity League intended to stop the show spread rapidly through the town and Clay was soon surrounded by a group of angry subscribers who demanded the immediate return of their money. Of course, Clay did not have it, but he at once conceived the brilliant plan of dispatching his buddy, Sunshine, as an ambassador of peace to the irate Mrs. Jenkins.

But, if Sunshine had a way with women, it was away off. Martha Jenkins refused to listen to his plea to let the poor girls give their show. And, when he conceived the idea of repeating the performance that had worked so well with the lady's husband and threatened to remove part of his clothing and scream for help, he immediately found himself on the other side of the door, propelled thither by the strong arms of his hostess. When he reported his failure to Clay, that young man decided to try his own hand, arming himself with a bouquet of flowers as a peace offering to the Purity League President who held the fate of the troupe in her hands. And Clay pursued entirely different tactics to those of the previous visitor. He did not mention the object of his call. It was just for a friendly chat with a woman who had occupied many of his secret thoughts. Martha Jenkins was flattered by the unexpected admiration of the handsome young ranchman; in fact, she waxed kittenish at the thought that she had aroused a secret longing in her visitor's breast. She insisted upon treating him to cider and then snuggled down beside him on the old-fashioned couch.

It was this picture that met the eye of little Mary Shaw who, upon information that Clay was calling at the Jenkins home, hurried there to warn the troupe's benefactor that the girls were leaving town on the next stage coach. Unaware that Mary had been a witness to Mrs. Jenkins's embraces, Clay left the house with the promise that he would take the President of the Purity League driving that evening, the only sure way he knew of keeping her from stopping the performance at the Opera House.

When Sunshine announced that the girls had left town, Clay jumped to his horse and went galloping after them. A little way down the road he stopped the coach and ordered the troupe back. But freedom, he realized, was dangerous and, as he had previously begged Pinky to release them, he now just as earnestly requested the jailer to keep them locked up until time for the evening performance but to be sure that they gave the show even if he himself was detained.

"You don't have to go in there," he told Mary as the girls trouped past him with angry protests at the second incarceration the same day.

The little leading lady tossed her head disdainfully.

"I don't want any special favors from you," she said haughtily as she joined the others in the cell.

NIGHT came and, while the girls were trouping to the Opera House under the direction of Pinky and Sunshine, Clay was driving out into the dusky Montana hills, the coquettish, befrilled Mrs. Martha Jenkins by his side. A new moon was adorning the heavens, adding to the romance of the evening for the thrilled and flattered matron. She snuggled up to his side and started a line of baby patter that would have cowed the bravest heart when it came from the thin, set lips of the President of the Purity League. When Clay could stand it no longer, he conceived a brilliant idea. It would be such fun to go wading in the moonlight. Martha fell in with his plan with girlish enthusiasm and, when he suggested that she run down to the pool before him, promising to join her

There would be no disgraceful show in her Opera House that night was the verdict of Mrs. Martha Jenkins.

immediately, she skipped away through the dusk like a young elephant on his way to a jungle night club.

Clay leaned back and breathed freely for the first time that evening but not for long. Suddenly through the stillness of the night came the sound of galloping horses and, before he realized what had happened, Blake, who was trying to get even with him for his part in placing him in jail for stealing horses, had him covered.

"I've got you at last," he said triumphantly as he bound him hand and foot. "Come on, Joe," he addressed one of his men, "take him up to the shack and keep him company until we finish the little job down at the Opera House."

When Martha returned to learn what was delaying her escort, she found nothing left of her romance except the moon.

MEANWHILE, back at the Opera House, the little company was putting on the show under protest. But they were troupers all and the audience that listened to the singing and watched the dancing had no idea that Pinky and Sunshine were shoving each one on to do her bit.

And, while most of the town of Rawden was enjoying the performance of the "Merry Maids", Blake and his men were cleaning out the box office. Abner Jenkins was the first to discover the robbery and, in the confusion that followed his shouts of, "Thief! Thief!" the girls made their escape from the theatre under the leadership of Blondie. As she marshaled them into the stage coach that was waiting down the street, Mary murmured:

"I'd rather not go."

"You'd rather not what?" Blondie exploded.

"I'd rather not stay here, I guess," Mary added meekly.

"You guessed right, kid," Blondie approved. "Let's beat it. And, driver, when you start those horses, don't stop for nothing."

By this time Clay, escaping from his captor by a clever ruse, came riding into town with Blake, whom he had met fleeing from the scene of the robbery, safely in tow. Sunshine broke the news that the troupe was shaking the dust of Rawden from its feet in the stage coach that was just disappearing over the hill and, with a shout to the boys to follow him, Clay went in rapid pursuit. The driver brought his horses to a halt in fear at the command of the galloping ranchmen.

"Just let me have one of the girls, that dark-eyed one," Clay ordered.

"And I want one, too, the blonde on the back seat," Sunshine added.

"You can drive on now, partner," Clay told the man who held the impatient horses. "Goodby, girls! Better luck next time!"

As the stage coach disappeared in the distance and Sunshine went in pursuit of Blondie who was fleeing down the road as fast as the tight skirt and high-heeled shoes would permit, Clay turned to Mary who was standing at his side.

"You're going back to jail with me," he told her.

"To jail?" she repeated.

"Yeah," he smiled. "I reckon that's the only place we can get a Justice of the Peace."

He linked his arm through hers but she drew back.

"What about that old lady I saw you with?"

"Oh, I was just trying to get her to let the show go on," he explained.

"Oh, Clay, I didn't understand," she murmured.

"Well, you do now, don't you?"

"You bet I do," she whispered as she raised happy eyes to his in the same moonlight Mrs. Abner Jenkins had found so romantic.

Anita Page lights the New Year candle and extends greetings to her friends throughout the world. She will next be seen in "Reducing" which co-stars Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

That's That

By RUTH RAND

WHILE Hollywood players are fretting about taking off those few extra pounds, from two to twenty, there's a future little star worrying about putting on just two pounds, for the extra avoirdupois means moving from a tiny incubator in a hospital to a luxurious home where a lovely bassinet and a nursery full of toys are waiting to say, "Welcome home." The baby in this predicament is the latest addition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris and every coo, interpreted, means:

"This picture business is hard, no matter which way you look at it, for it's always a case of either putting on or taking off. Oh, me, oh, my!"

And, speaking of babies—and who wouldn't?—there's an extra one in the home of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. He is Ronald Cosbey, two years old, who was selected by the lovely golden-haired Ann from two hundred infants to be her child in "East Lynne". Of course, he fell in love with the star at first sight and, the attraction being mutual, he is now the buddy of little Jane Harding Bannister.

REMEMBER Helen Ferguson, dark-eyed, dark-haired and lovely, and the husky he-man, Bill Russell? Bill passed away two years ago while Helen was in the East, unable to reach his bedside before the end came. One of his last acts was to wire his wife, "Place the estate with Bill Hargreaves—you can trust him." Helen did and the business association thus formed ripened into romance which will culminate in a wedding scheduled "sometime in the near future". Mr. Hargreaves is President of the Beverly Hills First National Bank and the divorced husband of Mrs. Grace Bryan Hargreaves, daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan. Miss Ferguson has been in retirement since her widowhood and the wedding, Mrs. Emilie Ferguson announces, will be attended by only a few intimate friends.

* * *

WE WERE in the WOR studio the other evening when Richard Cromwell, who has risen to fame overnight by Columbia Pictures' selection of him to play the title rôle in "Tol'able David", was before the mike. A shy lad is Richard, just turned twenty. He seemed a little dazed by his fame—and, perhaps, a trifle afraid. You will remember that he was studying art and extra-ing in pictures when Columbia selected him from sixty-seven applicants as *Tol'able David,* himself. The two Dicks got together recently and discussed what is still Barthelmess's favorite rôle. One of the new *David's* most treasured possessions is the telegram sent by the star of the silent version after he had seen Cromwell's talkie.

* * *

MACK SENNETT had occasion to come to New York recently and, of course, he did it in the quickest possible way—by plane. And, among other things, the trip gave the well-known producer the idea to make a Mack Sennett talkie with a flying background. The script was quickly finished and arrangements made with one of the air lines. The action of the script will carry the players across the sky to California. We may now expect something new in flying togs.

JOAN CRAWFORD is nursing a bruised shinbone, injured during the yacht whoopee scene for "Dance, Fools, Dance", her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring vehicle. In the scene, Joan had to jump overboard, and her leg struck a projection on the ship's side in the leap.

* * *

CINDERELLAS do not always appear in person on the screen but, when they don the glass slipper in some other line of the picture business, not so much is heard about it. There's Dorothy Cairns. Not so long ago, Dorothy was a humble little script girl—at least, that's what she was in the daytime. Came night and she laid aside other people's scripts that she had held during the day and burned the midnight oil laboring over her own ideas. The result is that she is co-author with Robert Milton of one of the most popular pictures now engaging the attention of the Great White Way, Constance Bennett's latest starring vehicle, "Sin Takes a Holiday." Script-holding is a great training school for an ambitious girl with ideas.

* * *

BARBARA KENT and her mother planned to be present at the big reunion dinner which the Kent family held in ole London Christmas day. Long way to travel to keep a dinner engagement, say you? Well, it will give the little picture player an opportunity to meet relatives who are at present only names to her. Barbara comes to us by way of Canada but Grandma Kent has always lived on the little island across the water.

* * *

NO workee, no payee does not apply to Jack Gilbert. Whether he works or not, Jack gets his cool half-million each year. However, the more frequently he appears in pictures, the more likelihood there is that the half million will multiply itself. Jack is now starting to work on his new gangster picture and much depends upon the enthusiasm with which it is received by the public. Buying out Jack's contract would mean a matter of millions, so not only Jack and the public but his producers as well are concentrating upon its success, giving him an excellent supporting cast, etc. One popular picture, we feel, will restore Jack to the old niche he occupied before the talkies became the vogue.

* * *

JANET GAYNOR and Director Raoul Walsh indulged their pet superstitions during the filming of "The Man Who Came Back". The little Fox Films star owns a pair of shoes, now scuffed and shabby, that she wore when she first made the weary rounds of the Hollywood studios. She wore them when she was playing in "Seventh Heaven", her first big hit. Since then, she has worn them in one or more scenes of every picture in which she's played. Janet, playing opposite Charles Farrell, took advantage of a scene which shows her dressed shabbily, to wear the little good luck shoes.

Walsh has an old yachting cap which he manages to wear sometime during the direction of a picture. The complete history of the cap is a little obscure as Walsh refuses to tell just why he considers it a lucky omen, but players who have acted in pictures directed by him recognize it as a pet superstition.

Buster is learning a new tune under the direction of Jules White, who holds the megaphone for the all-barkie comedies, the latest of which is "The Two Barx Brothers".

Catherine Moylan is playing safe. She is making so many New Year's resolutions that, if she slips up on a few of them, no one will be the wiser.

* * *

REGINALD DENNY, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, who, when not before the camera, operates a big Western ranch, has imported a herd of English cattle for his pastures. They are of a famous beef-producing stock, and Denny plans to introduce the variety in California ranches.

* * *

AFTER hurrying to New York to adjust a legal matter of ten years' standing, Adolphe Menjou is back at work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, playing the philanderer rôle in "The Easiest Way".

* * *

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Leon Janney, juvenile actor who drives to and from the studios in his own Rolls-Royce, has been engaged by Fox for "Their Mad Moment", in which Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill have the leads. Janney has already earned enough money to retire for life—but he answers all questions relative to his future plans with: "I haven't done anything yet to what I plan to do when I'm grown-up."

* * *

WALLACE BEERY, who is to play the political boss in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Secret Six", put in a few days studying municipal politics for the rôle.

"For the first time," he rejoices, "I can now understand all the intricacies of my tax bills—so it was really worth while!"

* * *

THEY tell this story of William Tibbett, famous Western sheriff and father of Lawrence Tibbett, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's singing star. A riot broke out in a small town called Kern City and the local constable wired Tibbett to send aid. In a short time Tibbett arrived.

"What?" demanded the constable. "Just you, only one man?"

"Well," returned Tibbett, "there's only one riot, isn't there?"

* * *

BUSTER KEATON boasts a "trained auto". The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedian purchased a tiny car, hardly big enough to hold him, and by practice has learned to manipulate its cluches and brakes to make it "jump" or skid in erratic figures on the pavement of the studio streets.

Again Milly's dinner was spoiled. The gong sounded and Dad and the boys were all alert.

The Third Alarm

By EVELYN KOCH

DAN AND MILLY helped little Jimmy down from the ancient horse-drawn fire engine.

"Say, Dad, that was great!" Millie smiled at her father. "I wish," she added, "that they they still used these engines. I think horses are ever so much nicer than machines, don't you, Dan?"

"I suppose so, but horses aren't so swift and in this business you need speed, don't you, young man?" Dan answered as he tossed Jimmy up to his shoulder.

"You and Beauty are coming over to dinner, aren't you, Dan? I expect you." Milly watched Dan's smile. It was a loveable smile and it made Dan dearer than ever.

"Why, say, Beauty and I are star boarders. What do you think, Dad?"

"Come along, Dan, and Beauty, too. It's good to have you boys and not so lonesome for Milly. If you don't come, all she has is old Dad and he's no company."

Milly ran over to her father and kissed him.

"He knows that's not true and he likes to have you boys as much as I do."

"You'd better tum," piped up little Jimmy, "tause dere's trawberry shortake and, boy, it's dood." He rubbed his little stomach in anticipation of the feast.

Milly and Jimmy went into the house and Dad and Dan climbed aboard the engine and wheezed back to the fire house. Beauty was busy talking to a girl on the phone and as usual the gang was razzing their dumb but happy companion.

"Maybe she wants to report a fire or something," Dan called as he watched Beauty struggling to remember the voice at the other end of the line.

After the lengthy conversation was over, the three men piled off to Dad's house. Milly answered the door and ushered them into the dining-room where the table was all ready for the evening meal. Dan ran back to the kitchen to help the little housekeeper bring in the hot dishes and, as she passed him, he playfully pulled a curl that had tumbled out of place.

"Gee, Milly, you're a sweet kid to treat us so well! If it weren't for you, all we'd have would be restaurant meals and I'm all for home cooking."

Milly brushed aside his praise but secretly she was glad that he admired her because she cared more for him than she was willing to have anyone, even Dad, know.

The supper was just getting under way when the gong sounded and Dad, Beauty and Dan pushed their chairs back and started to hurry over to the fire house.

"We'll be back soon, dear," Dad called to Milly. "Keep supper hot for us and we'll make short work of this blaze."

Milly and Jimmy waited. They were accustomed to interrupted meals and, when Dad said he'd make short work of a fire, he usually did. But this time the work didn't seem so short and, though Jimmy tried hard to keep awake, his little eyes kept winking shut and he soon fell fast asleep, curled up in Milly's lap.

This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by Emilie Johnson. Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford wrote the scenario and Emory Johnson directed, with Anita Louise appearing as Milly Morton, James Hall as Dan, Paul Hurst as Beauty, Jean Hersholt as Dad Morton, Hobart Bosworth as the Captain, Mary Doran as Neeta, Dot Farley as the barber, Nita Martan as Mamie, George Billings as Jimmy, Walter Berry as Uncle and Aileen Manning as the matron.

IN the meantime, Dad and the boys were battling with flames that were uncontrollable. Suddenly from the topmost floor of the building a woman screamed to be saved.

"I'll get her," Dad shouted and, before anyone could stop him, he rushed into the flames.

"Dad, don't go! For God's sake, Beauty, get him! It's sure death! Dad! Dad!" Dan called after him.

But the voice of duty was stronger and Dad kept going. Suddenly and as quickly as though a signal had been given, the whole inside of the house collapsed, trapping Dad inside of the seething-hot hell. There was no escape and, added to his own personal loss, there immediately came to Dan the grim realization that some one would have to tell Milly.

AT home, the girl had almost fallen asleep with Jimmy but she bravely kept herself awake, trying hard to suppress the feeling of strange anxiety that was coming over her.

"Milly!" Jimmy was stirring in his sleep. "Milly, where's Dad?"

"Shush, Jimmy, go to sleep. Dad will be back any minute now. I'll wake you up as soon as he comes in." The bell rang and Milly ran to open the door. She was wide awake instantly and ready with the usual greeting for the parent that had been both mother and father to her for so many years. "Why, Dan," she said, looking past him down the hall, "where's Dad?" Dan's face betrayed him. He hadn't intended to break the dreadful news so soon but Milly guessed instantly. "Why, Dan, Dan dear, where's Dad? Is he hurt?" The tears welled up in her eyes and her brave voice broke.

"Yes, Milly, he's hurt."

"Milly!" Jimmy had been awakened by the voices and came running to his sister when he saw her crying. "Milly, what's the matter? Where's my Daddy?"

Milly caught the little boy up in her arms and hugged him close to her. Turning to Dan, she asked:

"Is it serious?"

"Milly, don't cry." Dan's heart was breaking and yet he must face it. "Milly darling, it's as serious as it possibly can be." He took Jimmy from her and the little chap who had become bewildered by Milly's tears and Dan's solemn looks persisted in finding out where his Daddy was. "Jimmy boy, your Dad has gone to see your mother," the young fireman told him.

"But, Dan, he tan't do dat tause muvver is in Heaven and, when she went dere, she didn't never tum back and my Daddy said he was tumming back. Milly, tell Dan Dad's tumming back." He broke from Dan's arms and knelt beside his sister who lay sobbing on the couch.

"Jimmy dear—Jimmy dear, don't cry—Jimmy—Buddy darling, we're alone. Oh, Buddy baby, you're all I have left." She pressed the child to her and buried her face in his curls.

DAN and Beauty tried their best to induce the President of the Pension Board to let them take care of Milly and Jimmy but they were flatly refused because, as the president put it:

"You two mean well enough—but it can't be done. Why, you're bachelors and these kids need a woman's care."

Dan tried to argue that Milly and Jimmy hadn't had a mother's care for years but the Pension Board remained firm and the boys were forced to accept the decision that the children must be placed in an orphan home.

They took them there in their little car and both pretended a cheerfulness they were far from feeling. In the office, the matron greeted the children and her sugary tones made Dan and Beauty wince.

"I know they'll be happy with me," she said. "Why, Jimmy will meet so many nice little boys and Milly here will soon make friends among the girls. Gertrude, take her upstairs and show her where she's to stay," she directed an orphan about Milly's age who was working at a table nearby.

Milly took Jimmy's hand and turned to Dan and Beauty.

"Goodby and thank you both so much." Her eyes rested lovingly on Dan. "Please come and see us soon."

"Milly," the matron's voice cut in, "Jimmy is going with me."

The girl turned grief-stricken eyes to the older woman.

"Why, you can't mean that Jimmy and I are to be parted. Why, you can't do that. We have always been together. I can't let him go—he's so little."

The matron was stern.

"I'm afraid you'll have to let him go. He'll be happy with so many nice little boys."

Beauty's sense of right was injured.

"Say, marm—lady I mean—you can't do that to those kids. Why, Dad wouldn't want 'em to be parted."

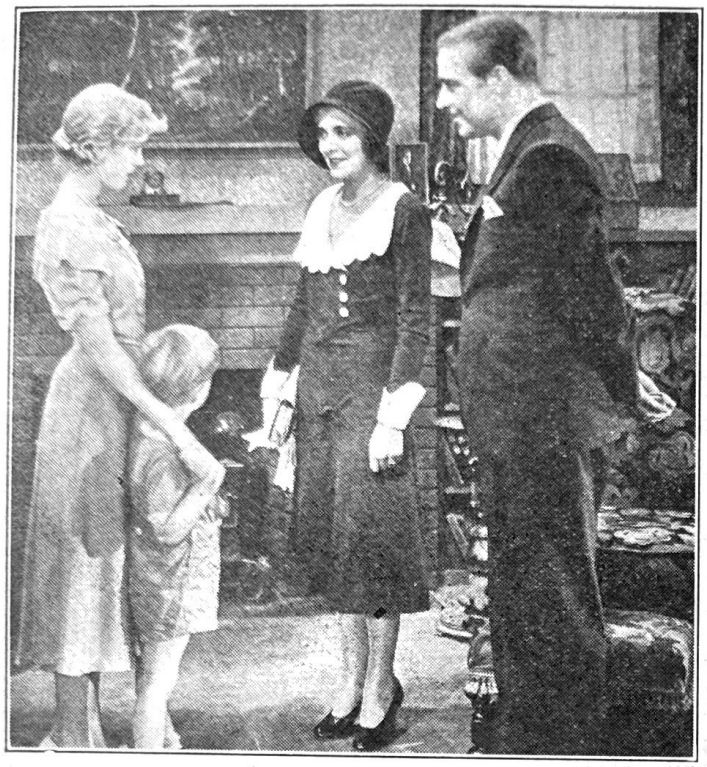
"I'm sure"—the matron fixed Beauty with her cold gaze—"that you'll have to let me manage my own affairs. Good afternoon."

"I'm going to stay with Milly, I am," Jimmy declared.

"No, Jimmy." Milly kissed the sweet little upturned face. "You're going with this nice lady and you're not going to cry, are you?" The tears were already trickling down the little one's cheeks. "You're going to be a big man and Milly will be proud of you."

She kissed him once more and hugged him to her, then walked slowly out of the room, not daring to turn back for fear she'd scream with the great effort the separation cost her.

"Buddy, darling, we're all alone now. Oh, baby, you're all I have left in the world."



Dan introduced Neeta to her ready-made family.

THE weeks passed by. Dan and Beauty came and took the children for long rides on their days off and Dan was more worried about Milly every time he saw her. He realized that she was just being very brave but that her heart was breaking. He hadn't known before how much he loved Dad's kids but, now that he saw them so seldom, he felt that something vital had gone out of his life. Finally he decided he must get them away from the home and, since bachelors weren't eligible fathers, he was going to remedy that condition, he was going to ask Neeta, a girl he knew, to become his wife and together they would adopt the youngsters—make it a father and mother affair right from the start.

Beauty in his slow-witted way determined on the same course of action but he wasn't so successful in his choice of a wife since he had lost the last name and address of the only girl he had met who seemed worthy to be the mother of Dad's kids. Mamie and Long Beach constituted his entire information—and there were many Mamies in Long Beach.

THE orphanage was quiet. All the children were fast asleep, that is, all but Jimmy who had waited for this moment to make his way to Milly's bedside.

"Milly, Milly wake up—shh!"

"What's the matter?"

Jimmy began to whisper:

"Milly, that woman said she was gonna give me away, she did." Milly's arm tightened around the little figure. "And she said you had to stay here."

"Jimmy, when did she say that?"

"She said I was going right away tomorrow, she did and—" Here the frightened tot began to sob. "Milly, please let's run away."

Milly didn't wait to consider the consequences of running away but slipped quickly out of bed and helped Jimmy into the little suit he had so thoughtfully brought upstairs to her. After she had dressed herself, she listened carefully for the watchman's footsteps and, when she was satisfied that he was safely out of the way, she hurried Jimmy down the long corridor and out of the building. The way seemed endless. Never before had the grounds of the asylum been so vast. Jimmy clutched Milly's hand and together they ran like two very frightened rabbits.

AND, at that same moment, Dan was dining with Neeta. "Neeta dear," he was saying, "is it asking too much to want you to marry me and be the mother of those two kids all at once and immediately?"

"No, Dan, it's not too much," Neeta smiled. "You know, I rather like the idea. How old are the children?"

Dan was immediately enthusiastic.

"Why, Buddy, that's Jimmy, you know, Buddy's about six and Milly, why, Neeta, I don't know how old Milly is. She's just a child, an adorable child," he added.

"All right, Dan, I'll say, 'I do,' whenever you like."

Dan leaned over and clasped her hand in his.

"You won't regret it, darling," he said simply.

WHEN Dan returned home that evening, he found Jimmy and Milly curled up on the porch, fast asleep He woke them up and in a sleepy rush of words they explained how they happened to be there. Dan bundled them into the house and, after they were fast asleep in his bed, he confided to Beauty that the kids had come home and they weren't going to leave and go back to the orphanage if he had anything to say about it.

But Dan didn't have anything to say about it and, when the authorities found out where the children were hiding, they were taken back to the home and Dan was suspended from the fire service for two weeks as a punishment for aiding delinquents. To add more trouble to his already overflowing cup, Neeta, after meeting Jimmy and Milly, wrote the following letter:

"Dan, frame this as a memorial to big-hearted Neeta. Little Jimmy informed me that Milly is most grown-up. She is. Do you begin to see the light? I doubt it. Milly loves you. Is there any reason at all why you shouldn't marry her? I wish I could think of one. Neeta."

In spite of himself, Dan was overjoyed at the possibility revealed in Neeta's letter, for he knew now that the love he bore Dad's little daughter was far different from that he might feel for a younger sister. Indeed, what reason was there that they shouldn't marry and together make a home for Jimmy? If only Neeta was right! If only it was true that Milly loved him!

FOR days after the children's return to the orphanage, the chief topic of interest was their daring in running away and the punishment that would be meted out to them for their flagrant breaking of the institution's rules. Indeed, so absorbed in the subject was one little girl that she forgot to disconnect the electric iron after her work in the laundry. The children had just retired when smoke began to fill the halls. The next minute the watchman's cry of, "Fire! Fire!" rang through the building and brought a stream of frantic children into the corridors. Milly's first thought was of the little brother who slept in a room with nine other children. She dashed to the door —but found it locked, a precaution taken by the matron to avoid a repetition of Jimmy's attempt to escape. Milly rushed through the smoke to the hall below where the matron was marshaling the terrified tots and got from her the key to the locked room, then she made her way back and, shouting encouragement to the trapped little boys, inserted it in the lock. But it was too late. When she again

(*Continued on page 22*)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

What is the lovely Evelyn Brent seeing in the crystal? Perhaps it is the success of her latest Columbia picture, "Madonna of the Streets".

A FEW years ago a young player who had been appearing in a series of crook melodramas came to New York on a visit and her company gave a tea to introduce her to newspaper and magazine writers. She was a slender, dark-haired girl, quiet and demure, totally unlike the characters she had been portraying on the screen. The girl was Evelyn Brent, who, since that day, has climbed steadily upward until she is now an actress who can be relied upon never to give a bad performance. She has been cast in many underworld pictures, generally as the "moll" of the gang leader, but there is no particular reason for this specializing, for, in the few opportunities she has had to portray the "nice and refined" heroine, she has always done justice to the part.

Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Florida. She intended to be a school teacher and, with that end in view, came to New York to study. Then one day in a spirit of fun she took a trip to Fort Lee and applied for work as an extra—and on that day her early ambition vanished, to be replaced by one for a more glamorous career.

After working in pictures for a few years, she went to Europe on a pleasure trip. While there, John Cromwell offered her a part in a stage play, "The Ruined Lady", so the few months' pleasure trip extended to four years in London where the American girl divided her time between the British stage and screen.

Returning to the States for what she intended to be a short visit, she was signed up by Douglas Fairbanks for his next picture. Seven months passed without a crank of the camera and Evelyn grew thoroughly weary of idleness. This ended with an opportunity to play opposite Monte Blue which she gladly accepted. Then came fourteen crook melodramas for F. B. O., followed by a long-term contract with Paramount. At its termination, the ever alert Columbia persuaded Evelyn to put her name on the dotted line.

Don't miss ROSEMARY LEE on the air

WAAT—Sunday, 4:30 P.M.
WSGH—Monday, 10:30 A.M.
WFOX—Wednesday, 12:00 Noon
WOV—Wednesday, 4:45 P.M.

Girl of the Golden West

By ROSEMARY LEE

(Minnie, known to the men of Cloudy, a Californian mining settlement, as The Girl, ran The Polka, a saloon and gambling house left her by her father, and, in the winter, conducted the Academy, where she taught the miners, young and old, all she knew. Returning from Sacramento one day, she met a handsome young stranger, the first man who had ever made any impression on her heart. Later he came into The Polka and her open interest in him aroused the jealousy of Jack Rance, the sheriff, The Girl's most persistent suitor. When The Polka closed that evening, she invited him to have supper at her cabin, a place strictly forbidden to the other men. Before the end of the evening, she had promised to become his wife. Cloudy was then in the throes of a mountain blizzard and The Girl would not let the newcomer, who had introduced himself as Mr. Johnson of Sacramento, venture out in the storm. Instead, she insisted upon his occupying her bed while she curled up in a blanket before the open fire. Meantime, at The Polka, the stranger was identified as Ramerrez, a road agent with a price on his head, and, when it was reported that he had been seen going up the trail to The Girl's cabin, the sheriff and his men went after him there. When the knock came at the door, Johnson hid behind the curtains. Rance then told The Girl that Nina Micheltorena of The Ridge, known to all the miners for miles around, was Ramerrez's girl and it was she who had revealed his whereabout in her desire to collect the reward offered for his capture. The fact that he had deceived her, had taken her first kiss hurt The Girl more than the knowledge that he was the famous bandit and, when Rance and his men left the cabin, she told him her opinion of him. The stranger then started out to brave the storm but, before he had gone many yards, he was seen by Rance and shot in the shoulder. He returned to the cabin and The Girl, realizing that she loved him in spite of everything, insisted upon his hiding in the attic. When Rance entered a moment later and expressed his intention of searching the cabin, The Girl told him to go ahead but that, if he did, he need never come to The Polka again. Rance, who still had hopes that The Girl would finally consent to marry him, agreed to go. As he stood at the door saying good night, a drop of blood dripped from the ceiling above and fell on his hand and he realized that the man he sought was hiding in the attic.)

RANCE whipped the gun from his pocket and called: "Come down, Mr. Johnson!"

"No, no, that isn't him, Jack," The Girl protested. But the sheriff paid no attention to her.

"Come down or I'll—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," The Girl pleaded.

"Come down—put up your hands!"

"Oh, don't you see he can't?" Minnie remonstrated as Johnson, exhausted from the loss of blood, slowly started to descend the ladder.

"So you dropped into The Polka tonight to play a little game of poker?" Rance confronted the wounded man. "Well, you can play freeze-out now as to your chances, Mr. Johnson of Sacramento. It's shooting or the tree. Speak up—which will you have?" He gave vent to a laugh of triumph as the man staggered across the room to the table and sank down on a chair, his head dropping forward.

The next instant Rance faced the muzzle of a gun held in the hand of the golden-haired girl.

"You'd better stop that laughin', Jack Rance," she warned, "or you'll finish in a place where things aren't so funny. He doesn't hear you—he's out of it—but me—me—I hear you. I'm not out of it. You're a galmbler—he was, too—and so am I. You asked me tonight if my answer was final. Now's your chance. I'll play you a game of straight poker—best two out of three for me. Hating the sight of you—but it's the barest chance you'll ever get me."

"Meaning?"

"If you're lucky, you get him and me but, if you lose, this man sittin' between us is mine to do with as I please and you shut up and lose like a gentleman."

"You're talkin' to the sheriff," he reminded.

"I'm talkin' to Jack Rance, the gambler," she told him.

"You're right," he agreed, "and I'm just fool enough to take you up."

"Your word?"

"I can lose like a gentleman. If I'm lucky, I'll take it out on you so long as God lets you breathe." His eyes held hers and in their depths was determination—and desire.

"Fix the lamp," The Girl ordered as she crossed to her little dish closet.

"Well, what are you waitin' for?" Rance demanded.

"I'm gettin' the cards and kinda steadin' my nerves," she told him.

"I've got a deck here."

"We'll use a fresh deck," she announced as she came back to the table. "There's a great deal dependin' on this, Jack Rance. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready. Cut for deal. What do you see in him?" He nodded at the unconscious man.

"What do you see in me?" she countered. "What have you got?"

"King high." He threw his cards on the table.

"King high," The Girl matched it.

"Jack next."

"Queen next."

"You've got it," he told her. "You're makin' a mistake in Johnson."

"If I am, Jack, it's my mistake. Cut! What have you got?"

"Ha! Ha! One pair—queens!"

"Nothin'," The Girl said dejectedly.

"We're even."

"It's the next hand that tells, Jack, isn't it?"

"Yes," he agreed.

The Girl paused a moment, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Before startin' the next hand, I want to say that, no matter how it comes out, I'll always think of you the best I can and I want you to do the same by me."

"You heard what I said," Rance told her. "I've a feelin' I'm goin' to win. In one minute I'll hold you in my arms." He looked down at the cards he held in his hand and a smile of victory lighted his face. "Ha! Ha! I win!"

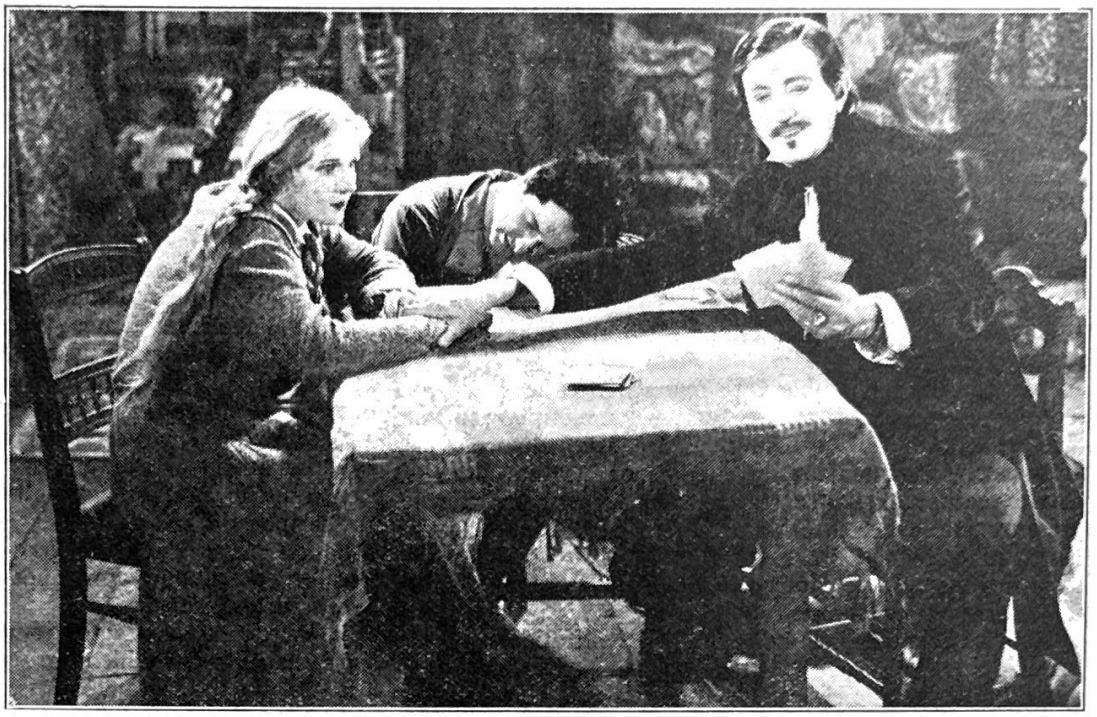
"Think so?" she asked quietly as he threw the cards on the table.

"Three kings—and it's the last hand."

The Girl gave a hurried glance at her cards, then her head went down on the table.

"Oh, I'm faintin', Jack," she gasped weakly. "Will you get me somethin'—quick? It's over there in the little cupboard."

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of David Belasco's stage success. John Francis Dillon directed, with Ann Harding appearing as Minnie, James Rennie as Dick Johnson, Harry Bannister as Jack Rance, Ben Hendricks, Jr., as Handsome Charlie, J. Farrell MacDonald as Sonora Slim, George Cooper as Trinidad Joe, Johnnie Walker as Nick, Richard Carlisle as Jim Larkins, Arthur Stone as Joe Castro and Arthur Housman as Sidney Dick.



"Ha, ha, I win."
"Think so?"
"Three kings—and it's the last hand!"

Rance crossed the room and, while his back was turned, The Girl hurriedly took some cards from the pocket of her dressing-gown and substituted them for the ones she held in her hand. When he returned to her side, she was still leaning weakly on the table.

"You're faintin' because you lost," he said.

"No, because I won!" She held out the cards. "Three aces and a pair. Dick! Dick!" She was at the unconscious man's side now and was pillowing his head against her shoulder.

"Gimme a drink," Rance said roughly.

WEEKS passed. Nick, still The Girl's most devoted friend, watched her now with apprehensive eyes. Would this stranger who had so suddenly come into her life and won her heart bring sorrow to her? He had grave misgivings, perhaps because he loved her so and dreaded to see her hurt. And, yet, what could be expected of a man who made his living by banditry, a man whom Nina Micheltorena over at The Ridge was proud to claim as her lover? One day he voiced his thoughts to Rance who stood at the bar, glass in hand.

"I'd be willin' to lose the profits of the bar, Jack, if we could get back to the time before Johnson walked into this room."

"Johnson!" the sheriff muttered. "Nursed and kissed!"

"Oh, say, Rance!" Nick remonstrated, resenting the slightest breath of scandal against The Girl.

"You bet she kissed him, Nick. It was all I could do to keep from tellin' the whole camp about it."

"But you didn't," the other returned. "Rance, I think you're a perfect gentleman."

MEANTIME, up the trail, The Girl was saying goodby to the man she loved. He was strong enough to leave now and he was anxious to start on his new life that he might claim The Girl before the world—honestly.

"I'll be waitin', Dick. Every day I'll look for a message. Every night I'll say tomorrow and every tomorrow I'll say—today!"

"And I'll send for you, sweetheart, as soon as I can make an honest home for you."

He clasped her once more in his arms, their lips met in a long, lingering kiss, then he mounted his horse and started down the trail. The Girl watched him out of sight, then remained standing at the door of her cabin until the beating of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance.

IN the surrounding forest, other eyes were watching the approach of the lone rider, other ears were strained for the sound of horses' hoofs—and the man who had just said goodby to The Girl with such high hopes in his heart rode right into the trap. And, even as Ashby's men were driving back with him in custody, Nick was anxiously inquiring of Minnie:

"Did he get away safely?"

"I watched him until he was out of sight," she told him. "But suppose he doesn't get through—suppose—"

"Oh, he'll get through all right," her friend encouraged. "Why, he'll be out of the country before you know it."

At that moment Rance came into The Polka. The Girl turned to him.

"Jack Rance, I want to thank you."

"Don't thank me. It was them three aces and that pair you had."

"About those aces"—The Girl hesitated—. "I want to say—"

"He'd better keep out of my country," Rance interrupted her confession.

At that moment the boys began to assemble for Academy and The Girl took her place at the desk. When Sid, branded through the camp as a card cheat, entered, there was a chorus of:

"Say, get out of here!"

Minnie raised her hand to quiet them.

"What—here among gentlemen?" Sonora put in.

"That fellow is a card cheat," Trinidad added.

"I know—I know—but can't we forgive him, boys?" The Girl pleaded. "He says he's sorry. Say it, Sid."

"I'm sorry, Miss, of course. If I hadn't been caught, things might have been different."

"All right, Sid, all right," The Girl said gently. "You get your chance."

(*Continued on page* 21)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

Is Your Play Likeable?

MY landlord just said to me:
"I saw —— last night," naming a new stage play. "It's true enough to life, but it is not pleasant entertainment."

And that is the trouble with many of the scripts that I receive—they are true to life, too true, sometimes; in fact, true enough to be depressing. Take, for instance, those that centre around hospital or insane asylum life. It would require a mighty strong plot to overcome the depressing influence of either of these backgrounds, and a plot with sufficient strength is not likely to be the work of a novice. So I think you will agree that it is better for those of us who are writing first plays to steer clear of this atmosphere, namely that of institutions for the cure of mental or physical ills.

And now for the characters themselves! I find that, in my rôle of spectator, I dislike maimed heroes or sickly heroines. I'm not keen on looking at them. Once in a blue moon, a play with a blind hero or a consumptive heroine may make a hit, but, when one does, it isn't wise for novices to start in following suit. There will never be any general demand for this type of story. Normalcy is quite as much in demand in pictures as in the field of politics and economics.

Many stories come to me based upon some eccentric character for the principal feature. The same rule applies to these. Once in a while a character play makes a hit, but not so very often. And, when it does, it is usually a filmed version of a well-known novel or stage play which has come in for previous discussion by the general public.

I know that, in my work of reading and recommending —or more often panning—material for film plays, I am always better impressed by a plot in which the characters are normal, physically and mentally, though their experiences and the situations in which they find themselves may be as "different" and as thrilling as the writer can imagine.

What I really mean to get over is that truth is often too grim and too sordid to make entertaining pictures. There should be the atmosphere of realism, but the plot should be idealistic. In other words, things should happen as we would like to have them in real life, but not as they often turn out.

As a concrete example of what I mean, I'll cite this about myself: I recently sent in several ballots containing slogans in an advertising contest. Now the possibility that I will win out is very remote. Somehow things do not happen like that in real life, not to me, anyway. And, if I do not win, I'll just go on working away without letting it spoil my life. But, if I were writing a film play in which my heroine had done just this, I think I'd let her win. It seems to me that this would be more pleasing to any audience. You see what I mean, don't you? Not many of us win wonderful prizes in real life, but in fiction we can alter that for our heroines and heroes and give them the good fortune that would make life for us what I might call the "ideal reality".

It seems to me that today young romance is taking a strong hold on picture producers. Perhaps they recognize the popular demand for this. The public seems to be rather fed up with magnificence and splendor and grandeur and is demanding well-told stories of sentimental realism. Some of my students of history, medicine and psychoanalysis might not do badly to recognize the truth of this and devote their energies to writing stories along this line rather than to plotting plots that savor of the library or the clinic.

Ray Rockett, answering the everlasting cry of some critics who ask for stories of real life, stories that deal with the bald and drab everyday realities, declares that, if motion picture makers were to put such stories on the screen, the public would not accept them as true to life or as entertainment.

"Why," says Rockett, "if we should sit down and write a screen play in which we used the real happenings that fall to the lot of any of us, the screen audience would put those happenings down as so much bunk. On every side you hear the cry that the stories are so often impossible, you hear people say that such and such a thing could never happen, that the situations are forced, the comedy dragged in and all that.

"But let me tell you that, if a scenario writer sat down and put all of the unusual incidents of his own life into the story, the audience would rise up and cry, 'Bunk', the picture-goers would not believe the story. The things that take place in our lives every day are stranger and seemingly more impossible than anything you might sit down and write. Stark realism and portrayal of rea' events would never be believed. The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction would hold good in this case.

"And, as for the comedy that is *said* to be dragged in, let me illustrate: I was riding downtown in the Manhattan subway one day. All was peaceful and serene in the car when suddenly a woman cracked a male passenger on the head with her umbrella. An argument started which was one of the funniest things I have ever heard or seen. It seems that the man had stepped on the woman's corn. She thought he did it purposely, I guess, judging from the argument. That hapepned right out of a clear sky, as it were. But that is the way with comedy in life. If a kid throws a banana peel on the sidewalk and a fat man comes along and steps on it and falls down, everyone in sight usually laughs. Well, there has been no attempt to build up to that situation. It just happens and those who are passing might be talking or thinking of anything, deep or tragic, but the comedy

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Do You Remember?

Cinderella Days of Filmdom

By HAROLD DAVIS EMERSON

LIKE every great epoch-making invention, the moving picture or cinema, as it is known in Europe, had its struggle to emerge from obscurity and from the position of the "Cinderella of Entertainment" to the rank of high class art that it enjoys today and that would have prompted the old Greeks to add a tenth muse to their galaxy of nine, namely, the muse of "Cinema".

In those Cinderella days the poor little flicker film's chief occupation was that of serving as a "chaser" to empty the vaudeville house and every time the young entertainer had a mishap, and they were plenty in those dark days of filmdom, the poor frightened "flicker" had to listen to the jeers of the mob and the biting sarcasm of the acting fraternity, that was most vociferous in predicting an early demise for this new-fangled form of entertainment.

History has given us many instances of the irony of fate when statesmen, politicians and even nations have scrambled things up needlessly and no history of the moving picture would be complete without relating a happening where the chief actors were responsible for involuntarily giving the moving picture its "place in the sun".

Up and down the Rialto, wherever stage folks gathered for a glass of pre-Volstead beer or something stronger, what would be called "gags" today were coined, taking a slam at the moving picture. Things looked pretty black for the poor flicker and the casualties among the pioneers who braved the ridicule were heavy. But, when things looked darkest, the sunshine was just "around the corner".

One fine day in 1901 the amusement-loving public learned that the White Rats strike was on. The White Rats was the all-powerful organization of vaudeville performers and its strike brought terror to the hearts of the vaudeville houses. Many of them were forced to close their doors. Enterprising and daring managers of some houses, however, instead of tearing their hair and emoting all over the lot, fell back upon the despised child of vaudeville. Almost overnight the freak of yesterday became the chief attraction of today and tomorrow. Not even the most optimistic of the vaudeville house owners could have foreseen the results of their bold venture. "Panem et Circenses" (Bread and the Circus) saved many a Roman Emperor from an untimely death at the hands of a disgruntled mob. Well, here was an amusement-hungry mob with nothing to amuse them, nobody to entertain them. Curiosity pulled them inside the houses that offered them the new entertainment diet. And, while many were ready to scoff, they came, they saw and they were conquered—and stayed—yes, and came back for more.

When the great White Rats strike came to an end, performers discovered to their amazement that they were not welcomed back with open arms, and that no fatted calf was slaughtered to celebrate the return of the prodigal son. Indeed, many found themselves out pounding the pavement while the moving picture marched on to victory.

When once it was proved beyond doubt that the cinema could hold the crowd, little temples devoted to this new muse soon began to dot the landscape all over the country. Those were the days when the Nickeldrome was born. Many a present-day movie palace that the spoiled children of this modern age take for granted was slowly built up from the humble Nickeldrome. "Ask Dad, he knows," the well-known cigarette slogan of yesteryear, applies to the five-cent movie. Any vacant store of reasonable size in a few years harbored a five-center. It is a far cry from those early firetraps with wooden chairs or only benches to the present gilded palaces fit for a king. In those days, too, during the summer season, every vacant lot that today serves as parking space for a miniature golf course was turned into an open air moving picture arena.

As we look back to those "good old days" it seems incredible that such a sickly infant could have grown to such proportions and could ever become the premier entertainment of the masses. What helped things along, of course, was the fact that in those days rents were low and that the budding producers did not need much capital to put on a film show. Nobody then thought of cushioned seats and ushers and handsome doormen, more richly garbed than exotic generals and possessed of Chesterfieldian polish. A rough cage for the cashier and a leather-lunged barker were the chief assets next to a half dozen reels of more or less mediocre type and today wholly impossible subjects in which the slapstick variety played an important part.

By 1902 a regular company of players was engaged exclusively for films. Previous to this, motion-picture acting was looked upon as a spare time job and many actors regarded an excursion into the pictures as a lark. Recruits to the screen were for the most part obtained from stock companies and tent shows. Broadway players and members of better class road shows looked upon motion picture acting with disdain.

Dick Lee, one of the first players to forsake the stage for the screen, found many obstacles in his path. He was regarded as a disgrace to the profession by his fellow players and an outcast from the cult.

"I had been working in the studio for about a month," Dick Lee explained, "when I met a couple of English actors whom I had known abroad. I started to speak to them, but they held me in contempt, explaining:

" 'Ah, stand aside, you magic lantern actor! You don't suppose we want to talk with a blooming idiot that has been made into a slide, do you?'

"With that they turned away. But the next day they were glad to speak to me and, when they found that I had been making money regularly, they were eager to solicit a loan."

Regular stage make-up or no make-up at all was used by the players and exteriors were frequently enacted in stage sets, with wings, borders and painted drops giving an artificial look as the canvas was caught by the lens and reproduced on the negative, an unnaturalness that would be scoffed at by the movie-sophisticated younger generation.

(Do not fail to read "Stars at Thirty Dollars a Week", the next chapter of the rough-and-tumble days of making films that an earlier, more unsophisticated age marveled at and thrilled to.)

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

HAPPY NEW YEAR, pals and palesses! I suppose those little thumbs are sore turning over new leaves. We got busy ourselves today, a wee bit in advance, we admit, but we thought it might be good to get the leaves accustomed to staying turned before little Nineteen Thirty-One actually arrives on the scene. For the editor we resolved to give the Big Chief bigger and better pages for her club; for the printer we resolved to set our stories up in type without bothering us to write them; for the office cat we resolved to deposit hairs on Rosemary's pen points only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and for our menagerie we resolved not to bark after ten p. m. or before seven-thirty a. m. For ourselves we resolved not to work more than twelve hours a day between nine and five and not to fall asleep at any picture before the final clinch—if we have to write it. And for our pals we resolved that all the cunning little gods are going to chase away all the great big lonesome blues and make them the happiest youngsters in the world. I'll say she's some resolver, is your ROSEMARY LEE.

My dear New Pals:

I must first tell you all how delighted I am to be able to join you. It was just by the merest stroke of good luck that I found out about this club by happening to buy *Moving Picture Stories* from one of those book-stalls where they sell the magazines at reduced prices (you know—Woolworth style).

I am an English girl living only about eight miles from Manchester and, indeed, I journey down there every day to business. Strange to say also, I am a comptometer operator (a holder of the diploma for same) at the C. W. S., Baloon Street, Manchester. This machine, as some of you will no doubt know, is an American patent.

I am very fond of sports and play hockey for the firm each week. Last Saturday we had a tournament—each team to play three matches of seven minutes each way at different times during the afternoon. We were the first team to play and we beat our opponents 1—0. Later on, in the afternoon, we played another team. The match resulted in a draw (no score). The weather was so terrible, however, that we were unable to play the other match and some of the clubs played only one. Afterwards there was a dance but I did not stay—I don't dance and I was going to the cinema to see "Rio Rita". Mentioning films, I love the cinema. I think this was a lovely picture. Our friend, Bebe, is a lovely speaker and singer (if the voice is her own). I love Bebe Daniels. I think she is wonderful. It is surprising how you always seem to enjoy different stars compared with others. From my letter you will be able to understand my views and I would therefore like as pals those who are interested in the things that I am. I am twenty-six years of age (or will be when this letter arrives) and would like pals of either sex about that age to write to me.

I do not mind, however, if others write to me. Please do not take me as ungrateful—only you see you understand one another better when you are about the same age. Perhaps it would be as well, also, to mention the fact that I am a Roman Catholic. But I am not prejudiced in any way. I shall look forward to a few answers to my letter. What a long way America is! How I would like to live there! Hoping I shall be welcomed by all, I remain your enraptured pal,

Mildred of England.

* * *

Mildred, my dear, we love to hear from our pals across the ocean, especially from those who write such an interesting little letter as yours is—but we do like to have complete names in our files. If you remember, you forgot the last—and I'm sure you have one. We all do, whether we like it or not. Yes, America is a long way off and the walking is rather damp, this time of the year, at any rate. However, though you think you'd like to live here and I'm sure you'd enjoy our wonderful country and its people, I have an inkling that there are ties, strong ones, that bind you to the land of my forefathers. My great-uncles and aunts, etc., took a little trip from France in 1066 and settled on your shores. If some of the youngsters hadn't grown restless, you and I might have been nextdoor neighbors. I wonder if you would complain if my menagerie started to bark at two a. m.—not regularly but just once in a while.

About Bebe—I think it is safe to say that the voice you heard from the screen was her own. You know she studied very hard to make a successful comeback and a great deal of credit is due her. A series of "unlucky breaks" was threatening her career when the silent screen got noisy. But Bebe had been reading the handwriting on the wall and, being a girl who has a fine brain behind those lovely dark eyes, had been preparing to answer, "Ready!" when the call came. Yes, we all seem to enjoy some stars more than others. Isn't it lucky that we do? Otherwise, there'd be only one or two on the screen.

I do like the way you English folks say "cinema". We seldom use that expression over here, you know, unless we're feeling sort of ritzy and want to high-hat some one.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I've been reading your club letters for a long while but never dreamed I'd be lonely enough to really write for pen pals. You see, my life has been rather free and happy-go-lucky until recently and I didn't realize what loneliness was. But now I'm out in the world "shifting" for myself and I feel very small and forgotten at times. I would especially appreciate letters from the West and North. Being a southern gal hasn't civilized me so well. The wild and woolly West holds untold charms for me.

When I was a little girl, I used to mount the old gray mare out on the farm and whoop and yell and ride bare back all over the country and I still have desires like that.

In case anyone wants to know, I'm blonde, tall, look like a thousand other blondes, not too dumb and not too wise. Just a happy medium. I get a kick out of everything, so choose your own line if you write to me.

Rosemary, I think you are doing a really worth while work. Bet you feel like the old women in the shoe sometimes.

Packy.

And why, my dear, can't you still jump on a horse and yell and whoop to your heart's content? That's what I always imagined folks could do out

in Texas. It must be a grand and glorious feeling to be able to raise your voice above a whisper without disturbing the folks next door. In the city, it is sometimes somewhat as Weber and Fields described the apartment in which the door opened outward because, if it opened the other way, you'd have to get out in the hall to shut yourself in your apartment. And, Packy, it's sort of fun to be out shifting for yourself, isn't it? Doesn't it give you a feeling of glorious freedom? Some acquaintances were teasing a friend of mine the other day because her very interesting husband sometimes casts his eyes in the direction of other blondes, brunettes and redheads.

"I don't mind," she replied, "for he gives me perfect freedom. He never asks me where I'm going, when I'll be back or how I spend my money—and I couldn't live without my freedom."

How I seconded the motion! Freedom of action, freedom of thought—what a precious possession!

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

Enclosed please find letter for Mac from Mich. Her note in a recent issue of *Moving Picture Stories* was very interesting and I feel I would enjoy her acquaintance.

I am a newspaper reporter down in Jersey and, while I meet many interesting persons, I have very little time to create real friendships. However, as with many in my calling, I can do "plenty talk" with a typewriter.

I would like to hear from anyone, anywhere, and promise to answer each and every letter. If they are interested, I could tell them many interesting facts about many interesting places I have visited and famous cases I have covered during the past five or six years.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Our School of Scenario Writing

(*Continued from page* 18)

situation butts in and gives them all a laugh. So it is with pictures. We put the laughs in at times when we feel that laughs are needed, and we are accused of dragging them in by the heels, of being unnatural. If we were strictly natural, we might stick a laugh right in the middle of the most serious part of the picture and so spoil a beautiful scene.

"This talk of making pictures truer to life sounds fine, but try to put it over with your audiences. Just try!"

All of which looks as if Mr. Rockett believes just what I said in the earlier part of this article, that the atmosphere must be real, but that the situations should be treated with a sort of idealism. Just as he points out, laughs may come naturally at the wrong time in real life, but it is well to eliminate them fictionally if they mar a serious scene. But don't forget that the laughs themselves are all right. Just put them where they will do the most good.

Girl of the Golden West

(*Continued from page* 17)

Jack Rance threw a contemptuous glance at Sid and The Girl, then rose to leave the room.

"I'll sit in the bar," he announced. "Bein' sheriff, I'm careful of the company I keep. Card cheats and road agents ain't just in my line. I walk in the open road with my head up and my face to the sun. Wherever I've pulled up, you'll remark I've always played square and stood by my cards." He turned and left the room.

The Girl's face whitened and her head dropped.

"Why, Min, what's the matter?" Sonora asked.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'," she said faintly. "Only we mustn't be too hard on Sid. Boys, I'll be leavin' you soon. Oh, how can I do it?"

"Not leavin' us?" came the chorus of voices.

"Great Giliad," Sonora put in, "have we done anything to offend you?"

"No, no, we won't say any more about it," she pleaded. "Only, when I go away, I want to leave the key to my cabin with old Sonora here. I want you all to go up there sometimes and think of me as the girl who loved you all and, wherever she is, is wishin' you well. And I want to think of little Nick as runnin' the bar and not givin' the boys too much whisky."

"Hold on!" Sonora interrupted. "There is just one reason why a girl leaves her home and friends—only one. There is some fellow away from home that she likes better than she likes any of us. Is that it?"

"Likes—in a different way—yes," The Girl admitted.

"You sure you ain't makin' any mistake?" Trinidad asked solicitously.

"No mistake, Trin," Minnie told him with a wistful smile.

A LITTLE later that day, Ashby broke the news to Rance that they had at last captured Johnson. A triumphant smile played about the sheriff's face as he kept repeating:

"Well, I didn't do it—I didn't do it!" When he faced the prisoner about whom all the men were grouped, he said, "I'll handle the rope, I'll pick the tree."

"Oh, I don't care what you do to me," Johnson told him, "but I don't want her to know my end. That would be an awful blow."

"That's understood," Rance replied.

"I'd like to have her think I got away," Johnson continued, "went East, changed my way of living, so, if you'll just drag me a long way from here before you—Then, as she grows tired of looking for letters that never come, she'll say, 'He's forgotten me.' And I guess that'll be about enough for her to remember, for she loved me before she knew what I was."

"Why, you—" Rance's hand flew up to the helpless man's face in a fit of rage.

"She loves me," Johnson returned, paying no attention to the blow. "And you can't change love in a minute."

"When Allison was hanged, Rance let him see his sweetheart," Nick put in. "I think that, considerin' The Girl ain't goin' to see any more of Mr. Johnson and knowin' her feelin's, she ought to have a chance to—"

"Couldn't you?" Johnson put in eagerly. "I'd say I just rode over to say goodby."

"No," the sheriff returned gruffly.

"All right." There was disappointment and hopelessness in the prisoner's voice. "Thank you just the same, Nick. Well, boys, we might as well get it over with."

Nick cast a contemptuous look at the sheriff.

"You must excuse Rance for bein' so small a man as to deny the usual courtesies," he apologized. "He ain't himself."

"Wait a minute." Rance stepped forward. "I don't know as I'm so small a man as to deny the usual courtesies, since you put it that way. I always have extended 'em. But we'll hear every word you say—

that's our protection. And it might be interestin' to some of us to know just what The Girl has to say to you, Mr. Johnson. Weeks in her cabin—there might be more to know—we'll hear every word you have to say."

"You bet! He puts up nothin' new on us," Sonora added.

"Come on—we'll get the rope," the sheriff concluded.

(*Concluded in Moving Picture Stories, January* 13.)

The Third Alarm

(*Continued from page* 14)

opened the door to take her little charges through the hall, she found the flames had already started to sweep up the stairs in wide sheets. There they were, the hungry flames licking at their very door, with no hope that their cries would be heard above the general confusion. But, when there seemed to be no escape from the horrible death, a fireman discovered the trapped children and, breaking down the wall from the outside of the building, reached their side. Escape down the stairs was not to be attempted. Then the fireman discovered a little elevator leading from another passage and hurried Milly and the ten little children into it. Even as he closed the iron door on them, the flames began to singe the cables. They were half way down when there was a loud explosion as the elevator dropped to the bottom of the building. The children screamed and huddled up to Milly who, little more than a child herself, did her best to calm their fears. In falling, the elevator had burst the water main and, to add to the danger, the water began to rise rapidly. Above them the firemen worked frantically to raise the fallen car but even they saw the hopelessness of their task.

MEANWHILE, Dan, with the instinct of the fireman, had hurried from his home at the sound of the first gong. When he reached the fire house, the second alarm had already sounded.

"Where is it from, uncle?" he questioned the man in charge.

"Out toward the orphanage way," came the answer.

At that moment the third alarm resounded through the little building.

"Can't we go to it, uncle?" the young man asked, a sudden terrifying fear clutching at his heart.

"Every engine is out," the other answered gravely.

"But how about the old pumper we're going to use in the parade next week? The horses are in the stalls next door. Can't we use it?"

It was an odd sight in these days to see the horse-drawn old engine come clattering down the street. As it turned corner after corner on two wheels, Dan's thoughts were with Dad and the many lives he had saved with this same engine. He uttered a prayer that wherever he was the horses would feel the beloved old man's hands at the reins and strain every muscle to save his children if they were in danger.

THE pumper arrived at the orphanage at a critical moment. The wheels of the other engines were deep in the mud and could not be moved. In a few minutes Dan had hitched the horses to the cables and successfully dragged the machines to firm ground. Then some one told him of the children trapped in the elevator shaft and, in spite of the warnings of the other firemen, he dashed into the burning building and began to work frantically. A moment before the wall nearest the elevator collapsed, he succeeded in pulling open the door of the car and, with the help of some of the other firemen, carried the children to safety.

THOUGH he, himself, was greatly shaken by the horror of the past hours, Dan's first thought was to get the children's minds away from the terrifying experience they had just gone through, so, lifting Jimmy in his arms, he suggested that the three of them go to see a picture before they went home. When, later that night, he put his key into his own door, he was surprised to hear voices coming from the living-room. Wonderingly he entered to find Beauty standing blushingly beside a happy-eyed young woman. He had taken advantage of his day off to make a personal search through Long Beach for the missing Mamie. Now, as he saw the look of surprise in his buddy's eyes, a grin spread from ear to ear.

"Say, Dan, meet Mamie, the wife," he greeted.

Dan's hand went out in friendly welcome.

"Glad to meet you, Mamie, and congratulations! But why didn't you wait until tomorrow, Beauty, and then we could have had a double wedding?" He motioned to Milly who was standing shyly in the doorway.

Beauty's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Milly—say—Aw, gee, why didn't you tell me before?" He glanced down at the girl who stood beside him. It hadn't been any fun searching Long Beach for the missing Mamie—and now to find it had not been necessary. The girl caught his eyes fixed upon her and smiled up at him. "Aw, say, Mamie," he murmured, "you're a swell dame anyway."

The Dancers

(*Continued from page* 5)

"Anything important?" the girl inquired without interest.

"Important? I should think so!" the older woman returned. "I asked you a question just now and I repeat it. Do you still love Tony?"

She handed the cable to her niece and the girl read it with conflicting emotions, while Aunt Emily quickly scanned the morning paper for the news to which the message alluded. But the fact that Tony now had a title and a vast fortune did not seem to interest Diana and she firmly stuck to her decision that she was not going to marry him, declaring in the same breath that Tony had sent the message to the Diana Snowden that used to be, not the one that now was. She had been weak enough to let her aunt send him away because he was poor, but she was not going to be weak enough to marry him now because he was rich. She even refused to send a cable in answer.

But Aunt Emily was not to be outwitted. When she had safely closed the door of the girl's room, she took down the receiver and herself sent the message to which she hoped in time to be able to gain her niece's consent.

THREE months passed. To Diana they brought a gayer and more frequent round of parties in an effort to still the gnawing ache at her heart; to Maxine they carried a fulfillment of Archie's prediction that she would soon be the rage of London—for, when she learned that Tony was returning to his native city, it was an easy matter for her devoted admirer to persuade her to cross the ocean, too—and to Tony, the new Lord of Rothwood,

they brought an increased eagerness to be back home with Diana as, day after day, business details detained him in America.

One evening Diana and Berwin were at the Club Calumet, where Maxine was entertaining, when Archie, as usual the little dancer's constant shadow, passed and stopped to greet them. Introductions followed and Maxine's eyes opened wide in surprise and disappointment as one look into the lovely face told her that this was not the same girl whose image Tony Trevelyn was carrying in his heart.

"Your name is Diana?" she asked.

"Yes, but not the huntress," the other laughed unsteadily. "You may have noticed that I'm slightly inebriated."

With her eyes fastened on the flushed face, Maxine sank into the chair beside her, her thoughts with the fine young chap who was hastening across the water to make her his bride. The conversation turned to stories and they asked Maxine to start the ball rolling. This was her chance to make the girl realize what she was doing and still keep the others in ignorance of the point of her story. Changing the locale to Australia, she told of the finest man she had ever met, the man who always carried next his heart a picture with the inscription, "Loved I not honor more." To the other listeners at the table it was a strange, pointless story, for it had no ending—but Diana understood. She lingered after the rest had left, and partly sobered now, she said:

"You didn't finish your story."

"I don't know the ending," Maxine returned quietly.

"Oh, it was marked, 'To be continued'?" the other smiled.

"It was," the dancer told her.

"Well, I never did like those serials—too long between instalments. Good night." She drew her cloak about her shoulders and rose from the table.

THE next afternoon London's smart set was gathered at the country club on the outskirts of the city. An airplane was circling the sky above, daringly, recklessly, but under the expert control of Diana Snowden. Those sipping refreshments on the lawn held their breaths as the huge bird dipped and whirled. A man sitting at a table with Berwin took his eyes from the sky to remark:

"Look here! Last night I couldn't find you anywhere. Out with Diana as usual, I suppose."

"Seeking for information?" Berwin queried with a lift of his brow.

"You know, old man," his companion reminded, "now that Trevelyn is due back today, you'd better speak quickly or forever after hold your peace."

"For heaven's sake, don't be any sillier than usual," Berwin remonstrated. "Shall be join the liquor?"

"Look! By Jove, she's a thoroughbred!" the other exclaimed as Diana's plane swooped down and made a perfect landing.

"Hello! This is a pleasant surprise!" Berwin rushed forward to greet her. "You caused plenty of excitement."

"Did I? That's good," she returned. "I crave excitement. And I'm eternally grateful to you for giving me the plane."

"Do you mind if I ask you something? How about marrying me?"

"Why should I?" she countered.

"Doesn't seem to be much else to do."

"A case of conscience?" she queried.

"Call it that, if you like," he said. "But, anyway, we've had some very jolly times together. What do you say?"

"I'm afraid not," she smiled. "If I ever marry, I'd like it to be an amateur—and, as a husband, you'd have rather a professional standing."

"Oh, I see. Of course, I can't hope to compete with the nobility."

"Meaning—Tony?"

"Lord Rothwood," Berwin corrected.

A shadow darkened the girl's eyes.

"Oh, I have a hairdresser's appointment," she excused herself. "I think I'll go along."

"Well, success!"

"At what?" she asked.

"The peerage!"

The girl flushed angrily.

"I'd have been rather disappointed if you hadn't turned out to be a bit of a rotter," she told him as she hurried away.

As she was about to slip into her plane, Aunt Emily came running up.

"Tony just arrived, dear," she said. "Aren't you going to see him?"

"Oh, no, darling," she replied quickly. "Don't you see, after three years—before all these people—it's embarrassing?"

"You wait here then," the older woman directed, "and I'll bring him to you."

Diana's eyes followed her for a moment as she hurried back over the lawn, then she quickly got into the plane and was soon a speck in the sky. Aunt Emily watched her go with a sinking heart but, when a moment later, Tony crossed to greet her, she advised him to hurry over to the Midwick Airdrome to meet her as she started back in her car. He did—and the girl who had intended to be so cold and distant when she greeted him was so taken by surprise that she flew into his arms with a glad cry, and the three years of separation were forgotten as their lips met. Then suddenly Diana drew back.

"Isn't it silly?" she began quickly, for she was afraid to give herself time to think. "But I've been flying around in that plane all morning and I guess I got nervous and then—seeing you again—oh, Tony, we've got to get this over quickly."

"What?" he asked, struck by something strange in her manner.

"You must realize what a couple of romantic children we were even to think that we could remain—well—true to our ideals—for three years."

"I'm sorry, dear, but, for the life of me, I can't get what you're driving at," he told her, puzzled.

"I—mean—our engagement," she hurried on. "I'm trying to tell you, Tony, that I didn't expect you to take it seriously and I know you didn't expect to."

"But I cabled you, asking if we could be married immediately," he reminded, his amazement growing.

"You wouldn't be Tony if you didn't," she smiled.

"But your answer, darling?"

"My answer?" It was her turn to be puzzled.

From his pocket he pulled out a cable and held it before her. Diana thought quickly as she read the message her aunt had sent:

"Come home for immediate wedding. All my love. Diana."

"Why did you send that?" he asked.

"I guess I was afraid to hurt you," she told him. "Besides, that was three months ago."

"This is getting a bit involved for me," he said finally, an unexpected possibility rising in his mind. "Am I to understand that you don't care to marry me?"

"Yes," she told him bravely.

"Then you—you don't love me?" he asked.

"No." She could scarcely bring herself to say the word.

"Is there another man?"

"Yes." Her answer was so faint that he had to bend his head to catch it. "But, Tony, you didn't expect anything else. After all, that—silly little compact we made ——and——"

"Silly?" he repeated.

"Wasn't it silly?" She couldn't think of anything else to say with his eyes looking into hers, so wounded and yet so tender.

"You know how poor I've always been and, yet with that—that 'silly little compact' always at the back of my head, I was the richest man in the world. Now I am rich, a peer with a couple of estates, and yet I've—I've never been so poor in my life." He paused a moment, overcome by it all. "Oh," he laughed uncertainly, "I'll —I'll be asking for sympathy next. Let's forget it. I realize how beastly hard it was for you to have to tell me. Best of luck in the world!"

Without another world to each other, they got into their cars and drove away—in opposite directions.

FROM that moment on, Tony was a changed man. The next night found him at the Calumet Club, very much the worse for the liquor he had consumed. Maxine saw him as he entered and, realizing his condition, tried to get him to accompany her quietly to a secluded table.

"Tony, you're attracting attention," she warned.

"I want to attract attention," he told her. "That was the trouble with me. For three years, I've been a babe in the woods. But I'm out of the woods now and I'm going to be very modern, very."

"I can leave here in a minute. Won't you take me home?" the girl pleaded.

"Good old Maxine, of course, I will," he told her. "You're the kind of a girl who'd stick to a chap."

"Come on, then."

"All right—just a minute," he promised. "There's a fellow over there I want to see."

And she could not prevent him from going unsteadily across the floor to the table Berwin was occupying with some friends.

"I see you know Maxine—too," Berwin greeted.

"I don't like the 'too'," Tony returned.

"Sorry," the other apologized.

"I don't even like the way you say, 'Sorry,' " Tony told him.

"For what reason are you trying to pick a fight with me?" Berwin asked.

"No reason in particular." Tony moved closer to him. "I simply have an intense desire to punch you in the jaw."

"I presume you're referring to some one who isn't present," Berwin returned insinuatingly.

"And if I am?" Tony asked.

"Why pick on me—*especially?*"

That was enough for the boy's drink-crazed mind. His fist flew out and caught Berwin squarely on the jaw. He returned the blow in kind and Tony went crashing down to the floor. In the confusion that followed, Maxine reached his side and with the aid of a couple of waiters succeeded in getting him into a cab and driving him to her apartment. There she washed his lip that had been cut in the fall, and, when she had him comfortably esconced in her bed, she questioned him gently:

"What's wrong? Why are you like this? Come on —tell me."

"Well, I'm always going to be this way," he told her. "I—I've never done any of the things I've wanted to— but, from now on—I started tonight— wanted to hit Berwin on the jaw—and didn't I do it? And, furthermore, I want to announce that my engagement is off. Well, why don't you laugh? That's the trouble with you, Maxine—you don't laugh at funny things. Remember, when I told you about her, I said you could laugh?"

"But I didn't," she returned.

"Oh, Maxine, if only you could have seen the kind of girl she was!" he went on.

"I know, dear," she said gently.

"But I don't want to talk about her any more," he changed the subject. "Let's talk about us—in fact, let's get married." The girl gave an exclamation of surprise. "Well, I admit I'm no prize package," he concluded, "but I've got a lot of money and you could enjoy that."

The girl's eyes grew dreamy at the thought of what these words would have meant to her had she not known the reason that had prompted them. As it was, she put aside all consideration of her own desires and thought only of the ultimate happiness of the man she loved. She smoothed his pillow and hovered over him as she would over a sick child, then, as the heavy lids began to droop, she stole out softly and closed the door behind her.

In the little living-room she waited for the ring she was certain would come, for she had telephoned Diana, telling her that Tony had been injured in an accident. A few minutes later she opened the door to admit the white-faced, anxious girl.

"Where is he?" Diana asked eagerly.

"In there." Maxine nodded to the bedroom beyond. "He isn't hurt—not the way you think. He's been drinking—got into a fight."

"Then why did you send for me If you think I am in love with Tony, you are very much mistaken."

Maxine smiled knowingly.

"It didn't take you very long to get here. You can't kid me—you're crazy about him. I'm mad about him myself. If I thought I had the slightest chance, I would not have sent for you. Come on, what's wrong between you and Tony?"

"That's something I can't talk about," she told her quietly.

"But, for heaven's sake, do something," Maxine urged. "Look here a minute." She opened the door softly and showed Diana the boy stretched out on her bed. "That's what has happened to him in just one day on account of you—drinking, fighting in public, disgracing himself. He even asked me to marry him, and, if I didn't know he loves you, you bet I'd do it."

Diana turned her eyes from the sleeping figure.

"I'm glad you sent for me. I know what to do now," she said gently. "Tell him to come to my place in the morning."

Maxine's eyes held the other girl's.

"Are you being on the level with him?"

"From now on, I'm going to be on the level with everyone," came the quiet answer. "Good night."

EARLY the next morning, Diana gave orders for her plane to be ready to take off, adding that the mechanic need not bother to look it over. She had just hung up the receiver when Tony was announced. With a whispered, "Tony, dear," she went into his arms.

"Oh, what was the matter? Why did you do it?" the boy asked, his hungry eyes scanning her face.

"Aunt Em sent you away because you were poor. I knew I should have married you then. I just didn't have the courage. And now don't you see how mercenary it must look?"

"And there is no other man?" Tony questioned eagerly.

"I never loved anyone in my life but you," she told him.

Hand in hand they strolled out in the garden, every spot of which reminded them of some happy moment in their courtship. Together they laughed over the pranks of childhood, were silent over the sweeter memories of their later life. And then they arranged it all. They would not bother with a big wedding. They would elope to Paris and be married that very day.

ON the way to the airdrome, Diana asked Tony to stop the car.

"Tony, I would like you to make me a promise," she said earnestly. "If anything, anytime should ever happen to me—I mean years from now, of course," she added as the boy's face whitened. "Well, Maxine did a very fine thing last night, and she's in love with you, darling—I can tell."

"Oh, don't be silly," Tony laughed. "Is that why you wanted me to stop the car?"

"No, but I think we should tell her we're going to elope and ask her to wish us god luck," she returned. "We could stop to phone at the village ahead and tell her to hurry over to the airdrome. Don't you think we should?"

"Yes, of course," the boy smiled.

ARRIVED at the flying field, Diana bade Tony to wait for Maxine while she tried out the plane.

"Are you sure you're all right," he asked as she started to take off.

"I was never so sure of myself as right now," she returned, her eyes fastened on his face. "Put your arms around me. Do you remember how I used to be afraid of thunder? Well, I have the most curious feeling in the world today. I overcame fear last night, the fear of hurting you." From the pocket of her coat she took out a picture. "I always carry it with me when I fly."

Tony took it from her and read the inscription on the back:

" 'I could not love thee, dear, so well—' "

" 'Loved I not honor more'," she finished. "Goodby."

As he stood watching the plane making its way into the sky, Maxine joined him.

"Oh, Tony, this is a grand idea!" she exclaimed. "Where is she?" He pointed to the soaring plane. "Oh, you didn't let her go up alone?" she asked in alarm.

"Why, of course—why not?" he returned lightly.

"Oh, nothing," the girl said, "except I—I just wish you hadn't."

"Oh, don't be silly," Tony laughed. "We'll meet her over there. She is going to land. Oh, there she is."

But Diana did not land. Instead, she kept on soaring right out over the water and was soon lost to sight of the two pairs of anxious eyes that followed the flying speck.

A YEAR passed. In a village in the south of France, a golden-haired girl sat at a desk and looked down into twenty pairs of adoring eyes fixed upon her face. Diana Snowden was no longer a minute woman. She had at last found peace and quiet—if not happiness—in the lives of the little children who daily came to her for instruction. But today she was restless and she could find no reason for it. She dismissed the class early and sat alone at her desk, struggling to look forward into the future instead of back into the past. Suddenly the door opened and, raising her eyes, she saw before her the face she had carried in her heart every minute of the past year.

"Tony! Oh, why did you come?"

"You didn't think I'd stop until I found you? Why did you have to do this to us?"

He was at her side now, striving to stifle the longing to take her in his arms and never let her go. Bravely she faced him and from her white lips came the confession she knew she must make if they ever met again.

"When you went away to Canada, I was lonely and desperate. I was ashamed of my weakness in letting you go and I hated myself for what I was and everything I wasn't. The world I lived in seemed to have gone mad. No one seemed to care about anything decent. I tried to live up to our contract but I—I didn't even know whether I would ever see you again—and I—I broke it. Then you came back, and I couldn't bear to tell you—and I couldn't cheat. That is why I went away. And now—you know."

The boy stood motionless during her confession. When it was ended, he said gently:

"I understand. Perhaps I would not have understood then, but I do now. I have been in Paris and London since you went away. People are still mad, darling, and it isn't easy to keep your head above water, especially when the one you love is far away. Oh, I'm just as much to blame as you are, even more. I went away and left you for three years to fight it out alone. It wasn't fair."

"What's done is done," the girl said hopelessly. "We will just have to forget it."

"Are you happy here?" he asked gently.

"I'm doing something worth while. I have respect and affection—"

"And love?" he added.

"Oh, I don't want it," she told him. "I never want to feel it again. It is the only way. We could never—Goodby, Tony."

The boy stood before her with bowed head.

"I love you. I shall always love you. Goodby."

She was alone now and there was on longer any reason for keeping back the tears. She leaned her head against the door and sobbed:

"Tony! Tony! Tony!"

Through the window, the boy watched her with tender, pitying eyes.

"Diana," he called softly, "Maxine sent her love."

"How is she?" she asked.

"She's in a bad way," he smiled.

"What is it? Tell me," she demanded quickly.

"She got married to Archie," he laughed. "Poor thing! Lovely little church you have here. Do you ever go?"

"Every Sunday," she told him quietly.

"Did you ever try going Thursdays?" he questioned.

"Why, no," she answered wonderingly.

"Maxine and Archie were married on a Thursday. Shall we try that little thing?"

He was very close to her now and his arms were about her, his lips were pressed to hers.

"Oh, I—I guess so, Tony," she whispered unsteadily. "I can't be noble any longer."

Are You Bashful?

? ? ?

SHY?
NERVOUS?
EMBARRASSED?

DO YOU LACK CONFIDENCE?
* * *
ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS?

NO WONDER YOU ARE A "STAY-AT-HOME"

DO YOU ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

You Are Self-Conscious!

Shame on you! There is no need for you to be nervous and embarrassed. Stop being shy. You can learn how to conquer the terrible fear of your superiors.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED!

Every individual now suffering from *Bashfulness* (Self-Consciousness) will welcome this good news. Remarkable discovery used with great success—whereby you can quickly and easily overcome your faults. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** If you're Bashful—don't wait another day—Send 25c for my fascinating, amazing book. Tells how to master and overcome Self-Consciousness. Write today.

R. BLACKSTONE
B-572 Flatiron Building, New York, N.Y.

Richard Blackstone
B-572 Flatiron Building, New York City

Please send me a copy of your book on Nervousness and Bashfulness. I am enclosing 25 cents in coin or stamps.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 21)

I'd like to be kept busy answering letters. Could it be arranged? They may be from boys and girls, men and women, or what have you. Shall we start now?

Very truly yours,
Jerry from Jersey.

Shake, Jerry from Jersey! In the dear dim past, I, too, was a reporter on a Jersey paper, so, you see, we have much in common. I am sure that the pals will be interested in you and in your work and I predict many, many letters for you.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I find it quite embarrassing to write this letter, for, as I read your column, I found very few male writers. Though I live in the big city, I find it very lonesome and boresome, so I took the first opportunity of this novel way of making friends. I am quite at a loss as what next to do after I write this letter but I would like to communicate with Alice in Wonderland and Brownie of Michigan. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Whitey of New York City.

Never hesitate to write to your Big Chief. She may not be so long on brains but her bump of understanding is quite well developed. What to do next? Just be patient and wait until the letters begin to roll in. And don't hesitate to write to any of the pals whose letters interest you. Probably the girls were better represented in the issues you read but we have a number of boy pals, so don't feel embarrassed. On the other hand, remember that, the fewer boys' letters there are, the more answers there are apt to be for each little boy. See!

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I was lonely and bought a copy of *Moving Picture Stories* and read it from cover to cover. I'm glad I did because I discovered this new delightful club. I want oodles of pen pals. I love a good time, football, basketball, dancing, reading and long walks.

I'm sixteen, five feet and one and one half inches tall, brown eyes and brown curly hair and weigh about 100 pounds.

I attend high school and love it. Won't some one please write to me? I like both boys and girls, either young or old. I am

Irish of Monroe.

I'm glad you love high school, Irish. That is a happy time, isn't it? Oh, if we could all fully appreciate our school days while they are still with us! But you remember the song about never missing the sunshine until the shadows fall.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I enter? I am a young fellow just turned twenty-five. Though I have a large circle of acquaintances, I am still lonesome. I'm a little bit old-fashioned but not too much so—that is, I prefer blondes and cork tip cigarettes.

I would like to hear from pen pals living in New York or Philadelphia, but will answer anybody who will write to me. So come on, you pen pals, and give me a break; the lonesomer they come, the better I like 'em.

Expectant Ed.

Blondes and cork tips—they sort of go together, don't they? I hope they'll both give you a break.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Here comes a Washington belle knocking at your club door. I would so enjoy entering. I have read some of the articles some of the people wrote and they interested me very much. I am of Jewish faith. I just love to correspond with people from out of town, especially with those I don't know. I am nineteen years of age, tall, slim, light brown hair and eyes to match. I have always been told that I am in every way like Greta Garbo and Lillian Gish.

I have always wanted to become a movie actress. I am fond of all kinds of sports, and love to travel. I love classical music also. I am an ardent movie fan. I would love to correspond with movie fans. Are there any in your club of any age or sex? I would very much like to correspond with Jewish boys and girls. If you have any Jewish friends from abroad, I would like to write to them. Well, Miss Lee, I guess that's plenty, so here's hoping for a lot of replies and wishing your club the best of success!

The Washington Bee.

We have several Jewish girls and boys in our club but, offhand, I'd say they all live in the U. S. However, why not branch out and correspond with pals of other faiths? You know

that's how we broaden our minds and become tolerant of other beliefs. There is so much good in every religion. But how are we going to find that out unless we get some knowledge of other faiths besides our own? In the final analysis, I don't believe the Great Director is going to question us too closely about our creed if we guide our lives by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

Upon reading a copy of *Moving Picture Stories* for the first time I was so impressed by the contents of Wally's letter which appeared in the October 7th issue that I decided I should like to write to him.

Will you be ever so kind and send me his address?

Your club is most interesting and quite friendly. I am sure you must help many fans with their never ceasing questions.

Thanking you in advance for this kind information, I am,

Mildred of Delaware.

An iron-clad rule of this club is, "No addresses given." However, we are always pleased to forward all letters unless, as sometimes happens, the pal's letter and his address have parted company.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I always enjoy the loads of letters in the M. P. S. printed in the H. H. C. columns. Perhaps you will add another pen pal to your long list. I can see that you have some interesting correspondents as I enjoy reading all the letters. Perhaps a little description of myself will help the pen pals. Twenty-five years old, college graduate, weight, 125 pounds, height, five feet, complexion, fair, position, bookkeeper and general office worker.

Now won't some one of these interesting pals write to a new member? It would certainly please me and I promise to answer.

My eyes will be kept opened for oodles of letters from all parts of the world.

Gertie of Mass.

The pals enjoy nothing better than to write to new members, Gertie of Mass.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

Please squeeze poor little me into a corner of your club. It certainly would thrill me to hear from some pen pals, both boys and girls, but especially, ahem, the boys.

I'm eighteen years old, a blonde with blue-gray eyes and light wavy hair and a fair complexion. I am five feet tall and tip the scales at 109.

I am fond of most outdoor sports and like to have lively and peppy good times. I'm especialy fond of swimming, tennis, hockey and skating. That's not all. I can cook and sew, too.

I will be waiting to hear from some of you pen pals, so write soon and I'll assure you of a prompt reply.

Betty Girl.

What a beautiful hand you write, Betty girl! I think you're quite an accomplished youngster. And I like your frankness, too.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I join your club? I have red-brown hair and brown eyes and I am a great admirer of Clara Bow. I would like any pictures I could get of her. I would like pen pals, especially from the South or the West, but I would like to hear from any nice boy or girl. My favorite sport is riding and I am very fond of animals, especially cats and horses. I have two kittens and a Belgian police dog. (Some protection!) Last night one of the kittens caught a partridge twice his size. I took it away as it was still living, but very much clawed and gnawed and it died in my arms.

Well, go ahead, pen pals, write me some letters and see if I'll answer them.

Miss Pat.

You may not realize it, Pat, but you certainly struck a responsive chord in the heart of your Big Chief by that little line about the partdrige. Bless you, dear! That's all I need to know about you to hug you close. Sometimes I am amazed by the acts of cruelty that supposedly civilized people permit. At one of the radio stations the other day, I was talking to a man whose police dog had bitten a child. He was ordered to take the dog down to the A. S. P. C. A. for examination. While he was waiting for the doctor, a poor little stray was brought in. The police dog pounced on the poor homeless little creature and grabbed him by the throat.

"I let him go right ahead," the man concluded. "I thought they were going to kill him and wanted to let him have a good time before he went."

Did I see red? Yes, and green

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Yes, Nora Mason confessed she had shot her father but why she would not say, even to save herself from the chair. Day after day, she stood the cruel grilling of the prosecuting attorney—and remained silent. Then, one day, another woman's voice broke the stillness of the court room and—Don't fail to read "Scarlet Pages" in the next issue.

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and all the other colors of the rainbow.

I know, Pat, you're going to join my Young Defenders of America. All you have to do is to send your name and address to Station WSGH, Fox Theatre Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., and signify your desire to become a member. You will then receive a pledge card and, when that is returned, a button that will show to the world just where you stand in the matter of those fur-clad hearts that cannot speak for themselves. In this way, you may be able to influence others to join the Young Defenders. You know some of us need a button to remind us of our duty while others —like yourself—have it so firmly engraved upon our hearts that, when we see an animal in distress, we act involuntarily just as we breathe.

* * *

Dearest Miss Lee:

Do you think you can find room for one more pen pal? Honest, I'll answer any letter I receive.

I'm fifteen years old, five feet four inches in height, sort of plump, weigh about 135, have blue eyes, wavy blonde hair and I'm a sophomore in high school. I have many friends but I feel that, if I had some pen pals, I'd feel better off. I am just dying to hear from some boys or girls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. I would especially like hearing from Rosemary of Rhody, Cal o' Fornia and Dimples of Missouri. I also love sailors. I simply adore them, because two brothers of mine were sailors.

Just Gertie Jean.

Little Gertie Jean, you'll not only feel better off but you'll really be better off—much better off—with some pen pals. Every friend we make adds a great big something to our lives. I know our sailor pals are going to be terribly tickled when they read that you love the whole navy and you'll probably receive letters from everyone of them—even from those in the Swiss Navy. Ssssh! Your Big Chief is trying to be funny. But, then, why shouldn't she? This is her funny day.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Gee, you sure have a lovely club! May I join it? Know what I want? Yes, you guessed it! I want just oodles and oodles of pen pals. Do you think I may have them?

I'm from the "Show Me" state, so the members will have to prove it to me. C'mon, get out your pen or pencil and drop a line to me! My description? Well, here goes: I am just seventeen, have brown naturally wavy hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion.

I am interested in everything, so please write to Lonesome Me.

Gee, I'm glad you think our club is lovely. I rather like it myself.

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

Do you have room for another member in your wonderful club, for a boy from the Keystone State? This is my first copy of your magazine or else you would have heard from me before this. I am not exactly lonely but I do like to receive and write letters.

I am eighteen years old, well built, being five feet eleven in height, and have brown eyes and hair. I am interested in sports, especially football, swimming and basketball, in which I take part. My present occupation is being a senior in high school.

I would like to hear from young people of both sexes from about sixteen years up to about twenty. I know that you will publish this letter and I am thanking you now.

So now, pals, write to your new brother, Pennsylvania Pal.

Welcome, new brother! We appreciate your faith in us and we also like your typing.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Just another Billie trying to butt in. I have been a reader of *Moving Picture Stories* for quite a number of years and often wondered why I never joined your club before. Perhaps I am a bit too old, just forty-four, easily taken for thirty. Would that make any difference?

As a Tennessee monkey said, I, too, am a jack of all trades and master of my own destiny. I have traveled a lot and gained quite a little experience and love the great outdoor life. I have a cozy little cabin up in the Maine woods and the only real pals I have are the dears—excuse me, I mean deers—and birds. I have plenty of friends who like me for my work. I am quite artistic but, like all other artists, I'm as poor as a door knob.

I might add that, being hard of hearing, I always feel embarrassed when in the company of others. Perhaps there is some one like myself who is a bit romantic and likes the outdoor life. I will answer all letters.

Porcupine Billie.

In the first place, Porcupine Bill, I don't think you're too old, at all, at all. In the second place, since you look thirty, why give a second thought to the forty-four? To me, your life seems very interesting and romantic—no matter which species of deer surrounds your cabin in the Maine woods. Yours seems an ideal life. A cabin in the woods surrounded by four footers—with the exception of bears, lions, tigers and such-like—has always seemed to me an ideal existence. But, alas, I am not an artist and therefore have no excuse for cluttering up the woods. I can't draw a straight line under any

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circumstance, even with the aid of a ruler. Hopeless, I know, but then what can a poor girl do? I can't even discover whether the fault is with the eye or with the hand. As for being poor—well, aren't we all?

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Some weeks ago a copy of *Moving Picture Stories* came into our hands. We enjoyed it very much, but even more so when we came across your H. H. C.

As we have never heard of a club such as yours in England, we wonder if you will kindly let us join. We wish to communicate with some pen pals via your club.

Before we go further, we had better introduce ourselves. We are two girls, myself (the writer) and my sister, Dorothy, age twenty-two years, five feet six inches, with the scales tipping at 128 pounds. She possesses a cheery wise-cracking nature, has brown curly hair and blue eyes, loves all sports and has a "pass" for rugby. She is a dignified senior as I am nineteen years of age, known as Mickey, weigh 117 pounds, just five feet, black (wavy) Eton-crop hair and blue eyes. I am fond of all sports, but my weakness is aviation, and I like reading and writing, although I am no author.

Will you please let us know how much, in English money, a year's subscription to *Moving Picture Stories* will be? We are very ignorant in money matters. Also please let us know if we may be allowed to join. Wishing your club every success and hoping this letter reaches you O. K., we are,

Yours sincerely,
Micky & Dorothy of England.

Two other pals from England! My, how cosmopolitan we are growing! We welcome you, Mickey, and Dorothy. Ignorant in money matters! I am having the entire staff figure out a year's subscription in pounds, shillings and pence. I expect they all will have to be treated for brain fever at the end of the operation—but, anyway, I'll send you the results under separate cover.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I'm just bubbling over with enthusiasm about your Helping Hearts Club, Miss Lee, as it offers such splendid opportunities for young folks to become acquainted.

I thoroughly enjoyed Wally's glowing account of his experiences in the Sudan and Cal o' Fornia has completely won me over. Perhaps it's because I have similar weaknesses as I'm specially interested in music and dramatics, fond of all sports and active in many and guilty of writing long typewritten letters. I'm only an amateur at the game, however, but I'm fully prepared for all eventualities.

In attempting to describe myself, there is really little I can say. I'm twenty-five (but don't hold that against me, please) with dark brown hair and eyes and a smile that never comes off. A disposition? Oh, yes, it's the one asset I have in making friends—as well as a keen sense of humor.

Won't Cal o' Fornia please write? I would love to hear from Dave of New York also, as I feel confident he can contribute much in favor of the world's largest city. I shall be indeed pleased to exchange letters with all who may be interested in.

Precious from Missouri.

I hope, Precious from Missouri, life will never erase that smile. If you are guilty of writing long typewritten letters, I know you're going to be a very popular pal. You are with me already because your letter is so beautifully written that I know I shall not have to face an irate printer who has been puzzling over a series of hieroglyphics—my own included.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have become intensely interested in your Helping Hearts Club after having read every letter in my copy of *Moving Picture Stories* and I would like to know if I may join your happy ranks.

A friend left a copy of the above magazine in my home recently, quite unintentionally, and I read it through and through as I have always been a movie enthusiast. So, quite by accident, I discovered a charming host of friends in the H. H. C.

I am a boy twenty-one years of age, five feet ten inches tall, the tall, slim type, and have chestnut-brown hair. I just adore dancing and lots of snappy music like "Those Little White Lies," etc. I am interested in the tango and would like to correspond with some snappy dancers who are also interested. Roller skating and ice skating are popular with me as are all "pretty, petite, and sweet girls". I'm just kidding, so don't take that too literally. But, all joking aside, I am interested in literature and in consequence read a great deal. As for movies, I am a devoted fan and an admirer of Gary Cooper and also William Powell. Among the ladies, I admire Dolores Costello and Dolores Del Rio.

Would be delighted to hear from blondes, brunettes and redheads, even though "gentlemen prefer blondes".

Joe from Mass.

My, my, just think of leaving little M. P. S. around unprotected! But, then, I'm so glad your friend did. Otherwise you might never have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with our club—and we like our club and hope everyone else does, too. I'm glad you're not choosey about the color of the hair. After all, what difference does it make? And, then, too, one can change it quite easily—and, many times, successfully. We welcome you, Joe from Mass!

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Dear Rosemary Lee:

As one of my shipmates has just exchanged some magazines with me, I was fortunate enough to get *Moving Picture Stories*. I took great interest in reading your Helping Hearts Club column. It's the first time I have had the pleasure of reading M. P. S. As there are a few more sailors or navy men writing in your columns, may I ask you the favor of allowing me to join your club? I am not a navy man, sorry to say, but I have spent most of my life on the water, on merchant ships. I can't say I am lonesome, but I like to write letters, and will be pleased to answer any one who cares to write. I will try to give a few words on the life of the average seafaring man. As there is only one letter in M. P. S. of October 7th from the fair sex of near my age, I would like very much to hear from Mrs. L. of Jersey City. My home port is Philadelphia.

I am forty-four years old, have dark brown hair, brown eyes, weigh 145 pounds. I spend most of my time when in port at the Elks' Club as that's the easiest place I know for an Elk to get acquainted while in any strange city.

Thanking you for your favor, I am

Sea Rover.

Well, Sea Rover, why not write to Mrs. L. of Jersey City? I am sure she will be glad to hear from a pal who makes his home on the bounding deep. I can readily realize that, in spite of the varying scenes that make up the picture of your life, there are times when you must become very lonely. I hope my pals will help to make those times fewer and fewer until finally they disappear all together.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

This very evening I rushed over to the drug store to buy my favorite magazine. Not finding it, I bought *Moving Picture Stories* and immediately became interested in your club.

May I join it? What do I have to be and why?

Not to change the subject but, as it seems to be the custom, I'll say a little about myself. First, I'm seventeen and have a baby face, gray eyes and what-not. I have no dimples and am not a blonde, so maybe the gentlemen will not be interested. If anyone should be interested in a photograph, I'll gladly send one. I don't sound very promising, do I? But what's the difference? If anyone is really interested, a letter will soon disclose all.

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32x4	2.95	1.15
33x4	2.95	1.15
34x4	3.50	1.15
32x4½	3.20	1.45
33x4½	3.20	1.45
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I am simply (oh, oh, such spelling!) dying to hear from Cal o' Fornia. I know a lot about the old state and I adored the letter and, if Cal o' Fornia would and could ever get time, I would be very, very grateful for even a little note. I would write first but I may be too boring and all.

Hoping I won't be disappointed, I am Just Me.

P. S. I just got through reading this letter over and really I'm not so frightful as I sound and spell.

Cheer up, Just Me, I'm not a blonde and haven't dimples either, but still—Secret! I'd like to hear from Cal o' Fornia myself. He has a whole carload of letters waiting for him but, sad to relate, I haven't his forwarding address. If he doesn't send it to me soon, I will be charging him storage when, as and if I find him. I am beginning to fear that some of my pals do not read my own particular column, for I have so often urged you of late to send in complete and correct names and addresses to the Delayed Mail Department. Really, I don't think you sound frightful and, as far as the spelling is concerned, I went into conference with my little blue pencil and the result is—well, here it is.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

In reading over your movie magazine, I thought it would be very pleasant to become a member of the H. H. C.

There don't seem to be any qualifications but descriptions are in order. But, really, what's a description? Nothing but the forming of a pleasing picture to the eye. Personality—that's what counts! One can't learn a lot from letter-writing and yet it's been said, "The secrets of a country are treasured on paper." (I don't recall if anyone ever said it—but I thought of it now.) Inasmuch as some one who might, by chance, write to me would like to know something about me (he might have occasion to say something about brunettes—or blondes—and think of offending—whichever one I am). I'll tell my little story: Brunette, five foot six, weight 120, age 21. I care a lot about sports, reading, dancing, music, in fact, I like anything that amuses me or I get any enjoyment from and I have a very wide range of "likings". I'm extremely fond of travel.

My home is in the East but at present I'm staying in the Middle West (really N. W.). I'd like to

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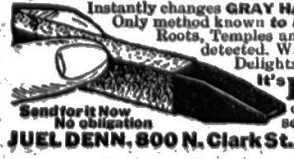

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* * *

My dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just come from the drug store with a *Moving Picture Stories* and, boy, do I love it and how! I happened to go in there and I saw your magazine. As I was looking through it, I happened to come across H. H. C. and, boy, I bought it! This is the first one and I love it! I wish this magazine all the luck in the world and you, too. May I join? I hope so.

Clem.

Oh, boy, I'm glad you happened to pick up *Moving Picture Stories* instead of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* or such-like. And I love your enthusiasm. It is the heritage of youth. But, thank goodness, some people retain it beyond youth and, in so doing, retain also the spirit of youth.

* * *

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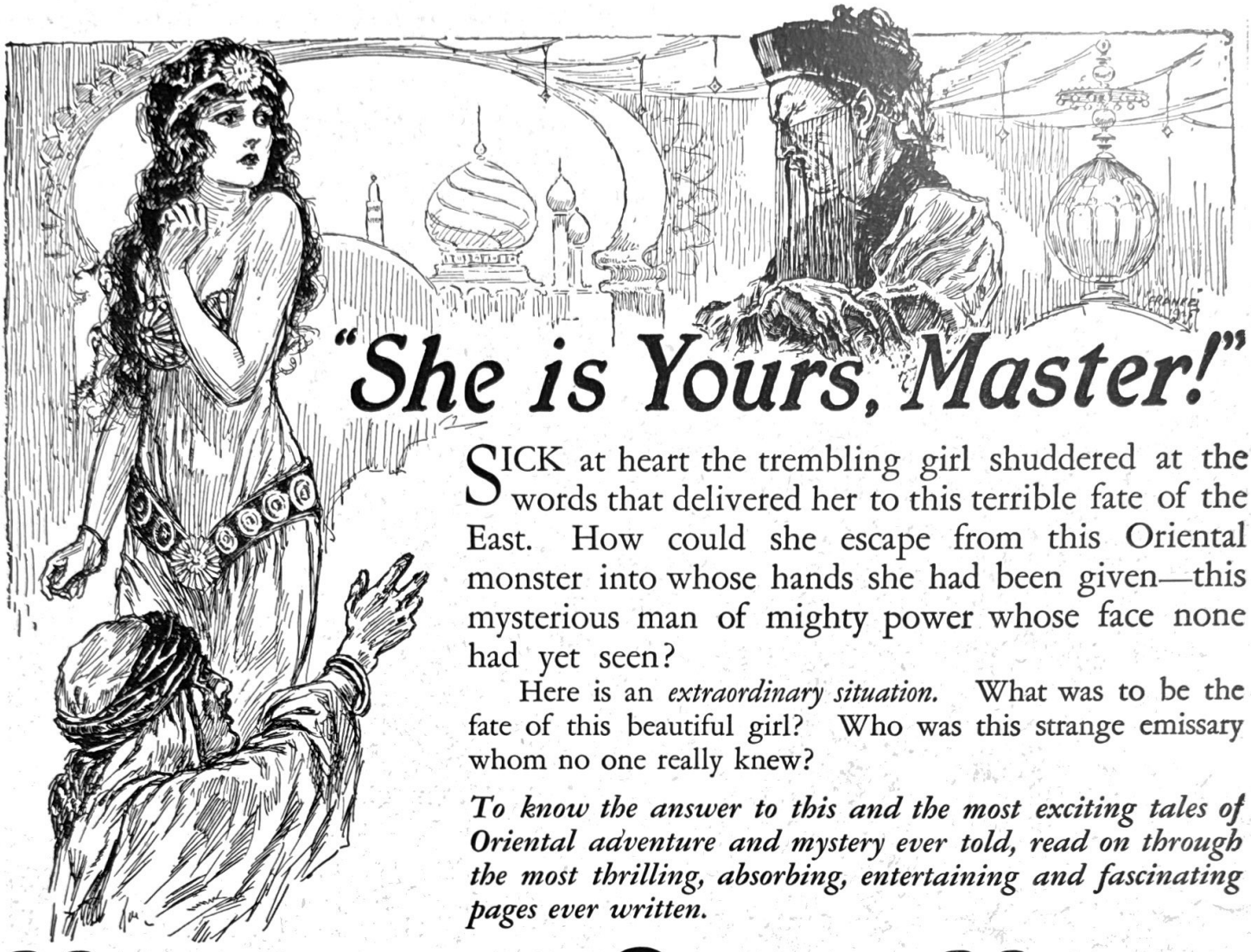

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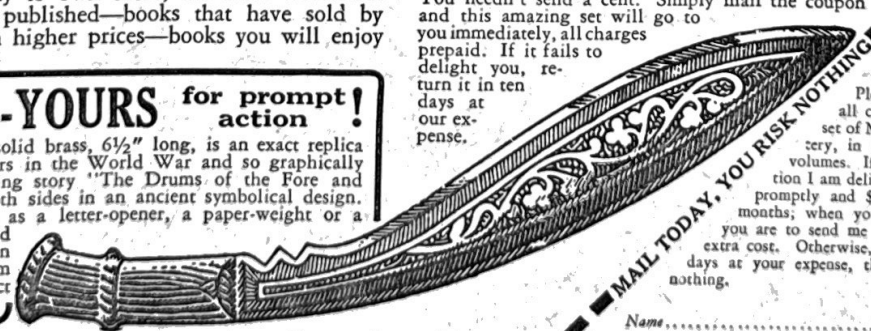

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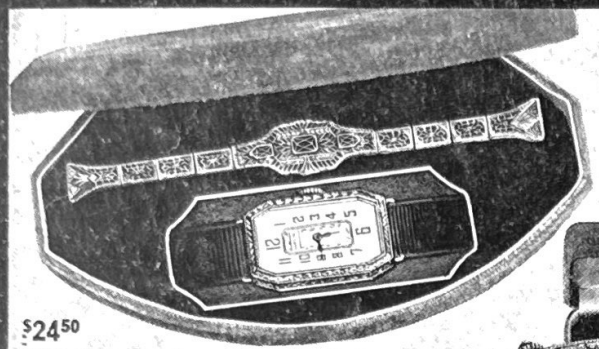

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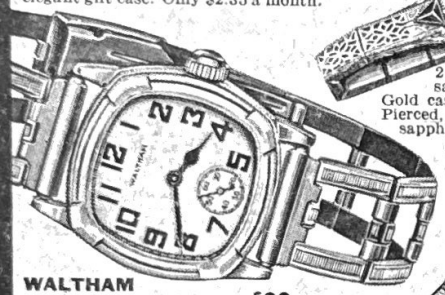

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